

Catholic Digest

NUMBER 1950

*Coming Changes
in the Mass*



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Coming Changes in the Mass.....	Walter Le Beau	5
<i>Some day, parts of it may be in your own language</i>		
The Negro-White Problem: Where Shall Negroes Live?	<i>Catholic Digest Survey</i>	13
<i>What Americans think about a basic cause of the race problem</i>		
How I Lost My Prejudice.....	<i>Liturgical Conference Proceedings</i>	18
<i>Bishop Waters tells how meeting a Negro did it</i>		
The Suez Canal: 101 Miles of Crisis.....	<i>New York Sunday News</i>	21
<i>What's behind all the trouble in the Near East</i>		
Are You Catholic But Bashful?.....	Maurice Murray	25
<i>See how much of your religion shows</i>		
I Still Love My Old Neighborhood.....	<i>From a radio address</i>	28
<i>Tolerance begins at home</i>		
Christmas at Pelly Bay.....	<i>Picture Story</i>	32
<i>Midnight Mass in a church of snow</i>		
We Were Adopted by a Teen-Ager.....	<i>Town Journal</i>	36
<i>Mary Elizabeth didn't have to be afraid to love us</i>		
World of Love.....	<i>"A Right to Be Merry"</i>	40
<i>Do nuns really "give up" the world?</i>		
University in the Midnight Sun.....	Edward A. Harrigan	47
<i>The "pack-rat priest" builds a school in Alaska's wilderness</i>		

(Continued on page 4)

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VOLUME 21 • NUMBER 2

The Busiest Priest in Your Diocese.....	James Williams	55
<i>The fullness of the priesthood makes great demands on your bishop</i>		
Canada's Top Statesman.....	The Sign	60
<i>Louis St. Laurent proves honesty a devastating political weapon</i>		
Babies Are Making U.S. Parents Wealthy.....	Doron K. Antrim	65
<i>Simple statistics debunk birth control</i>		
A Visit to Santa Claus.....	Picture Story	71
<i>Santa takes orders from the kids</i>		
Science Makes Sissies of Sharks.....	"Window in the Sea"	75
<i>Research turns up a way to repel the man-eaters</i>		
Medical Mystery.....	Maclean's	79
<i>Startling facts about a little-known organ of the body</i>		
The Greatest Inventor.....	From a pamphlet	85
<i>For Gutenberg's monument—look around you</i>		
My War With the Mob Goes On.....	Human Events	90
<i>"Hoodlums destroyed my eyes, but not my voice"</i>		
Pearl Harbor Remembered.....	"The Rising Sun in the Pacific"	95
<i>The tragedy and glory of the "day that will live in infamy"</i>		
The Fight That Closed the Banks.....	"Frontier Editor"	102
<i>Jack Dempsey defends his title in a tiny prairie town</i>		
Red Poland's 'Model' City.....	The Reporter	106
<i>It has steel mills but no churches; housing but no heat</i>		
First Christmas in the New World.....	June A. Grable	110
<i>A cabin boy's inexperience has exciting results</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church? J. D. Conway		121
<i>Why Latin is used in the Mass</i>		
People Are Like That.....	12	109
In Our Parish.....	46	120
Flights of Fancy.....	59	125
Hearts Are Trumps.....	94	126
In Our House.....		
The Open Door.....		
New Words For You.....		
C.D. Book Club Selection.....		

Cover photo by William A. Woodfield

By Walter Le Beau

Coming Changes in the Mass

*Meetings in Italy point
the way to great reforms*



WE ARE IN THE midst of a great reform in the Catholic Church. The evidence of this reform could be clearly seen by anyone who attended the International Congress of Pastoral Liturgy. This congress was held in Assisi, Italy, on Sept. 18-21. It then moved to Rome on Sept. 22 for an audience with, and an address by, the Holy Father. It was my privilege to attend the congress, and the following is in the nature of a report on its proceedings.

Why was the congress convened? Why was it decided to bring together five cardinals (two others were unable to attend for reasons of illness or pressure of duty), some 80 archbishops, bishops, abbots, and more than 1,000 priests, from all over the world, even from the Orient and from behind the Iron Curtain? There may be several answers, but here, at least, is mine.

If we think back to less than a year ago, to the new Holy Week liturgy or to the changes of 1953 governing the Eucharistic fast, we must agree that the Catholic world

was, to some extent, caught by surprise. Many of the faithful were disinclined to accept the new regulations because, I think, not enough advance notice was given. The Liturgical Congress in Lugano, Switzerland, in September, 1953, discussed the Holy Week reform, and after that the Holy Father acted. But that congress was attended by little more than 100 priests, and a very small number of the hierarchy. It did not really represent the whole Catholic world.

I think, therefore, that in the coming reform the Holy Father wants two things to be made clear in advance: what changes will be made and, what the pulse of the faithful (*sensus fidelium*) is. At the congress in Assisi-Rome, these two points were made abundantly clear by all the priests there, and by some of the hierarchy. Furthermore, 1,000 priests from all over the world can do much to advise the people of the new liturgy, if and when it comes.

I say "if" the change comes. By "if," I do not mean to convey the impression that I doubt reform will come. I mean only that any change

must come from the supreme authority of the Church. No priest or bishop or cardinal, for that matter, can institute a change, however badly it be needed. Neither can any assembly of priests, bishops, and cardinals institute a reform. Consequently, nothing new was in any way formally set up at the congress in Assisi-Rome. As a matter of fact, it was made very clear by His Eminence, Gaetano Cardinal Cicognani, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in his opening address, that there was to be no debate, no direct recommendations. We were told to keep in mind the Holy Father's pastoral views. At the same time, His Eminence made equally clear the Holy Father's intention. There is to be no going back in history to the early customs of the Church as such or for their own sake; there will be no romanticism or sentimentalism or aestheticism. The Holy Father has the single view of leading the faithful to form one compact union with Christ as their Head; of making the faithful take part in divine worship; of enabling the faithful to live the life of Christ.

However, "recommendations" were made. They were pointed to in the papers read by men who were either high in ecclesiastical authority, or who were known and respected for their wisdom and knowledge. The response of the members of the congress to these veiled "recommendations" was sometimes thunderous. Still, we must remem-

ber that no amount of hand clapping can bring about a change in the liturgy. It can, however, indicate its possible direction.

First among these so-called recommendations was what everyone expected: the use of the vernacular in the Mass.

There is not the least doubt in my mind that every one of the 1,000 and more priests at the congress was ardently hopeful that some parts of the Mass would be put into the vernacular. There was discussion on the side, between the sessions, as to how much and what should be put into the native tongue of the faithful. Some were for the Mass of the Catechumens only. Others desired, besides that, the Offertory verse and the Preface. Still others wished to add the Great Doxology, the *Gloria*, said aloud, and the Our Father and the Communion and Postcommunion. But as to having some vernacular in the Mass, there was unanimous agreement.

The papers read showed either the loss we suffer by keeping the Latin, or the good we would gain by turning to the vernacular. I will take some of these points one by one (it is impossible to take them all) and put them before you.

Latin forms a barrier (maybe an unconscious one, but a barrier nevertheless) between priest at the altar and faithful in the congregation. So much stress was made throughout the congress that unity was one

of the great pleas of Pope Pius XII in his encyclical, *Mediator Dei*, that one could not help appreciating this point. After all, to be one with Christ means to be one with his visible agent. And at no time or place should this oneness exist more perfectly than at the renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The whole human race was one with Christ at that tremendous moment of his death on the cross. The congregation and the priest should be one at the Sacrifice of the Mass. But that is difficult if, in the greatest prayer of all, the priest speaks one language and the people another.

Anyone who has traveled in a foreign country will understand what it means to be among people whose language one does not understand. Perhaps nothing in this world can make one feel so lonely and deserted. Something of this is bound to exist between priest and people when the priest is praying in a language that is completely foreign to his parishioners.

This difference of language between priest and people in the Mass can also set up a quasi-cultural separation. It can be, and often is, the same separation that sometimes exists between the uneducated and the educated. On one hand, it can produce an undue sense of superiority, and, on the other hand, a sense of inferiority. In any case, one can see that priest and people praying in the same language at Mass (when

the prayers are said aloud or sung) can certainly make for unity.

One of the finest points made in this regard concerned the *Amen* in liturgical prayer. When Greek was the language of the people, the Church prayed in Greek. When later, Latin became the language of the people, the Church prayed in Latin. From the earliest times the *Amen* was the voice of the people. The priest at no time and nowhere prayed for himself alone. He prayed for the people. He offered to God their prayer. He was their official spokesman. And, at the end of the prayer, the people responded with *Amen*. They spoke, sometimes literally shouted, with great fervor and sincerity, because they understood what was said, and they agreed wholeheartedly.

What they said in that one word, which was then truly the voice of the people, was "So be it!" "Your prayer is our prayer." "We are glad that you spoke for us!" "We thank you!" One can easily imagine the spirit of unity that then existed between priest and people, and among the people themselves. Today, the *Amen* is often just a muttered, meaningless conclusion to a prayer that no one has understood, like the limp clapping of hands that follows a learned speaker's lecture that sailed completely over the heads of the audience.

A second point made was that the vernacular in the Mass is nothing new. Permission for its use has

been given several times, especially in missionary lands. The missionaries in China, for instance, have had it for some time. So, too, the missionaries in some parts of Africa. Besides these and scattered instances there are whole Rites that use the mother tongue exclusively. So why should we be so surprised that some day we may have English in the Mass?

A third point was only slightly alluded to in one of the papers, but has considerable historical significance. Latin has been considered for some 400 years as the language of orthodoxy. The vernacular has been thought of as the language of heresy. It was the Protestant Revolt, of course, that gave birth to this unfortunate distinction. Its leaders turned immediately to the vernacular. The Church, in opposition to the reformers, declared the vernacular an insult to the dignity of the liturgy, and Latin the official language of public worship. Thus, the Church put into deep-freeze, so to speak, the liturgy in the Latin language. And so, even today there are many of the faithful who regard use of the vernacular as being not quite Catholic, and as smacking of Protestantism.

But the point was made that the Church no longer has any reason to fear Protestantism, and a distinction which at one time might have had some validity no longer holds. In the light of the ardent hope of Pope Pius XII that the faithful be given

every opportunity to take full part in worship, there is every reason to consider the vernacular as one of the opportunities.

A fourth point was made by a missionary archbishop from Indonesia. He recounted some interesting details of the effect of conversion on some of his natives. When they finally came to Mass and found that they understood not a word the priest was saying, some were greatly disappointed, but others were greatly delighted. The effect on the second group was such, in some instances, as to make them fall into a trance. All of their superstitions and their belief in magic took hold of them and carried them away. To them, the Mass was just like the unintelligible incantations of their witch doctor.

Well, why look to Indonesia? I am convinced that there is some magic mixed in with the faith of some of our people. This is true of the administration of the sacraments, and especially of the Last Anointing. And, besides our own people in this matter, there is the constant irreverent (if the origin of the word is known) accusation by non-Catholics that the Mass and the sacraments are a lot of "hocus-pocus." Putting the vernacular into the Mass and the sacraments would surely make for a more intelligent participation and cooperation of the faithful in the Mass and sacraments.

A fifth point was quickly dis-

posed of in one of the best papers to be read at the congress. It is sometimes said that the Mass is first and foremost for the glory of God. What does it matter, therefore, whether the faithful understand it or not? There is no denying, of course, the first part of the statement. The Mass is first for the honor and glory of God, as the Sacrifice of the Cross was offered first of all by Christ for the glory of his Father. But there is surely another end in the Mass: that of the sanctification and edification of the people, beginning with the priest himself. Call it secondary, if you like, but it is nevertheless extremely important. And the vernacular in the Mass would certainly contribute to this end.

My own observation on this point is this: that when the Church made the distinction between grace received *ex opere operato* (by virtue of the action itself) and *ex opere operantis* (by virtue of its doer) in the administration of the sacraments and the Mass, she had no intention of pushing it to the extreme stated above. To illustrate my point, I am sure that you can see a difference between a priest who would offer Mass in words which he has somehow learned to pronounce but which lack real meaning to him, and another priest who utters every word meaningfully and ardently from the bottom of his heart. Apart from the edification and sanctification of the second priest, I know that God is more honored. If I am

not right, then I suggest we start using prayer wheels like those of the Lamas of Tibet.

I have kept the most important point for the last. It was put forth in a masterly paper read by P. Agostino Bea, S.J., of Rome. The title of the paper was *The Pastoral Significance of the Word of God in the Liturgy*.

The point was indirectly made that by the continued use of the Latin language in the Mass of the Catechumens the faithful of our day are deprived of what may be called the Bread of the Word. In the Mass, the faithful should be fed with both the Bread of the Word, and the Bread of the Eucharist, or of Life. In the days when the language of the liturgy was the language of the people, the Mass of the Catechumens served a twofold purpose. It was for the instruction of the converts, and for the preparation of the faithful for the sacrificial part of the Mass.

Let's take the instruction of the converts first. The only system of instruction which the Church then had was the Mass of the Catechumens. But it was a good system. The results attest to its efficacy, for hundreds became converts at one time, and they remained faithful. Why? It was in the Mass, around the Mass, that they became Catholics. It was at the Mass of the Catechumens that they learned the truth of their religion from the reading of the Scriptures and from the sermons

explaining the Scriptures to them.

It was also here that they learned to pray. They learned also what it meant to be prayed for by the priest. They learned, above all, that they were part of a group, that they were one with the congregation and the priest. Their minds were illumined by the Word of God, but, equally important, their hearts were moved by the spirit of "belonging." They could not wait until the day when they would completely belong, be one with Christ, and one with every member of the Mystical Body, by their Baptism.

It was pointed out, of course, that in the early Church the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful were separated. The Mass of the Catechumens was, moreover, an adaptation of the synagogue service of the Jews. It consisted of prayer and instruction. The Mass of the Faithful, though, was sacrificial. In it was renewed the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Gradually, however, as the Christians began to build churches, the two services were united. But it was the custom for a long time to dismiss the converts after the Creed and before the Offertory. Today, the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful have become simply "the Mass."

But there is good in this union of the two "Masses." A point heavily stressed on at least three occasions during the congress was that by the union of the Word of God

(in the Epistle and Gospel) with the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Word has acquired a new brilliance and become invested with grace. It can thus more effectively enlighten the mind and move the heart, which makes the Mass the best possible setting for the instruction, both of the convert and of the faithful.

All of this means one thing: the Mass of the Catechumens, at least, in the vernacular. If not, then why all the talk? Not all the speakers were as plain about it as Father P. Joseph Jungmann, S.J., but those who touched on this point at all definitely implied a plea for the vernacular.

In regard to the Mass of the Catechumens being restored to its former role of teaching and admonishing, it was suggested that the one-year cycle of Scripture readings be extended to three or four years. This would allow the faithful to become acquainted with much more of the Scriptures than they now are. There was also the recommendation (with which every parish priest will agree) that a completely new selection of readings be made, especially of the Epistles. It would require a Scripture scholar to interpret with any degree of clarity some of the readings we now have in the Sunday Mass. If we are to instruct the people, let us give them bread they can eat.

A forthright recommendation made by two of the speakers astonished me. (I had never thought of

it before.) The recommendations came from His Excellency, Wilhelm von Bekkum, Vicar Apostolic of Ruteng and from our own Archbishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City, whose untimely death was a distinct blow to the congress. These two men pleaded for what we might call a lay deaconry. They thought that the heavy burden of the priest of today could be lightened by the ordination of laymen to the order of deacon.

Even married men could be ordained deacons with dispensation from the vow of celibacy. These "lay deacons" could be a great help to the priest who is alone in his parish, especially during Holy Week. They would make it possible to have a solemn high Mass. They could help with the distribution of Holy Communion on days like Christmas and Easter. They could even baptize. This is certainly a very forward-looking recommendation.

As to the changes in the Divine Office, or the breviary, I will say little, because it concerns mostly priests and very few lay persons. The reform of the breviary was explained by His Eminence, Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro, Archbishop of Bologna. The reform of the breviary, he thought, should follow two straight courses. First, it should strive to restore the seasonal cycle as the backbone of its structure. This would mean elevating the seasonal cycle, and reducing the sanctoral

cycle. Secondly, he recommended that the breviary be completely revised to fit private recitation. The breviary we now have is monastic in origin and structure. It was meant to be recited or sung *in choro*. It is a complete misfit for any priest, secular or Religious, who is saying his Office by himself. It is time that we priests, alone in our church or home, stop saying *Dominus vobiscum* to no one, and replying, *Et cum spiritu tuo*, to ourselves.

Still, we were reminded that the Divine Office, even when said privately, is the public prayer of the Church. The difficulties in the way of reform are therefore very great, and much patience will be needed before we finally accomplish it.

And now, the big question: when will all this happen?

Traditionally, the Church is slow and cautious in making any modifications. One would then say that the vernacular in the Mass may be something quite far away. On the other hand, it was made very clear at the congress, especially by the bishops of East Germany, that the need was extremely urgent. It was their expressed opinion that if the reform is delayed too long, it will be too late. The East-German bishops refer to their people under Russian control as the new Diaspora.

The same may be said of other countries behind the Iron Curtain. With them, also, the change must come soon or not come at all. For this reason, we may hope that Rome

will do all in its power to implement the change as soon as possible, if that is her intention. Granted that there are many obstacles to hurdle, it could be possible that we may have English in the Mass in about two years. This is only my own opinion. It has no authority behind it at all.

At this writing, I am reasonably certain that the change is bound to come. The movement toward the

vernacular in the Mass and change in the breviary has by now gained so much momentum that it cannot be stopped. It seems only a question of time. But one thing can be said with complete assurance: if nothing else happened at the International Congress of Pastoral Liturgy at Assisi-Rome, the movement toward reform received a tremendous impetus. That was the purpose of the congress.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

It was Christmas day, and our dinners grew cold as we sat staring at them without appetite. We student nurses were far from home, and we had no eye for the gay decorations of the hotel dining room, no ear for the happy, noisy crowds outside. Most of the probationers had gone home for the holidays, but we lived too far, so we had volunteered to form part of the skeleton crew that staffs the hospital on Christmas.

I was thinking of midnight Mass at home, of the children's choir singing *Silent Night*, of the Christmas tree in our bay window on the farm, of mother and dad. The city seemed terribly big, and we seemed so terribly small.

Just then an elderly gentleman who had been dining alone approached us with a shy smile. "Young lady," he said, placing a small paper bag in my hand, "would you mind accepting this? It's Scotch shortbread. I'm very fond of it myself, and I thought it would add an extra little touch to your Christmas dinner."

"Sir," I said impulsively, "would you care to eat with us?" and I told him of our circumstances.

Though he gently declined, his kindness had somehow broken the spell, and we attacked our dinners with gusto. As the last of the pumpkin pie was disappearing, the waiter brought us the check, stamped "Paid."

"Your dinners have been taken care of by Mr. M.," the waiter explained. "He does this for someone every year. You see, he owns this hotel."

Rita A. Baker.

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Negro-White Problem:

Where Shall Negroes Live?

*Seventh in a series of articles on the Catholic
Digest survey of the race problem in the U. S.*

WHEN SOMEONE SAYS, "Negroes want to move into white neighborhoods," someone else always answers, "No, Negroes are happier living near other Negroes." Most of us have heard both opinions. Which is true?

Neither. That's what a public-opinion research agency, Ben Gaffin & Associates, discovered when it conducted its door-to-door survey on the race question for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. An overwhelming majority of Negroes say that it doesn't matter!

"Do you think that most Negroes want to live in white neighborhoods or in Negro neighborhoods or that it doesn't matter to them?"

Negroes want to live—	WHITES	NE- GROES
No.	No.	No.
Among whites	20%	12%
Among Negroes	44	74
Doesn't matter	28	10
		68

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey showed that there are many misunderstandings about the race question. This is one example. Almost half the northern whites, and three out of four southern whites, think that Negroes like living in Negro neighborhoods. Yet only one out of five Negroes actually does like it.

Negro opinion contradicts both the idea that Negroes prefer segregation and the opposite idea that they are trying to take over white neighborhoods.

Seven out of ten Negroes say that it doesn't matter where they live. What they want is simply what everybody else wants—a chance to live where they please.

Although many Negroes still have substandard incomes, Negro income as a whole has soared 350% in the 20 years since 1936. Many Negroes can now afford luxuries, but their increased buying power has had little effect on their ability to buy homes of their own choosing. When a white couple goes house hunting, their choice is restricted only by taste and pocket-book. A Negro couple must scan the want ads with wary eyes. That neighborhood—that one and that one—they're out, right from the start. Only whites can live there.

Nine million new housing units were built by private enterprise between 1935 and 1950. Only a little more than 1% were available to Negroes. Philadelphia is a typical example. There, some 60,000 new homes were built between 1953 and 1955. Only 400 of them, seven-

tenths of 1%, were offered to Negroes. Yet Negroes make up 18% of the city's total population.

Often the only neighborhoods in which Negroes can buy houses are slums. And too often, houses are not available even there. Slum-property owners have discovered that they can make far more money by renting than by selling at a fair price. That's why the average Negro must pay from 10% to 20% more for his house than a white person would.

Confinement to the slums is made possible by the restrictive covenant, an agreement among property owners not to sell houses to Negroes. The U. S. Supreme Court, in 1948 and again in 1953, ruled that these agreements are not illegal, but that they cannot be enforced in the courts.

But enforceable or not, "gentlemen's agreements" are of proved effectiveness in holding Negroes to the slums. Negroes know it, too.

"Do you think that white homeowners' agreements to sell their houses only to whites help or hurt the Negro-White problem?"

Restrictive covenants—	WHITES	NE- GROES
No.	So.	
Help solution	27%	57%
Hurt solution	53	21
Make no difference	8	12
		6

Negroes refuse to take the middle ground here. Though almost three out of four said that it didn't

matter where they lived, three out of four opposed restrictions on their freedom of choice.

The number of northern whites who approve covenants was much smaller than it might be expected to be. Certainly three out of ten people are not enough to account for the effectiveness of the covenants in northern cities, when five out of ten seem willing to break them. The solution to this mystery probably lies with the real-estate men, bankers, and savings-and-loan officials. It is they, rather than the courts, who are really enforcing the "gentlemen's agreements."

Negro housing is one of the basic causes of America's race problem. Negro population, like white population, grows at a steady rate. Great suburbs mushroom around the cities to house the white increase. But the size of the Negro neighborhoods, in most cities, remains constant. Think of the entire population of the U. S. jammed into two-thirds of New York City. That's the population density of the worst blocks of Harlem today. Such slums breed crime, disease, a hundred and one evils.

Effects of slums pyramid. Much of the prejudice against Negroes is based not on color, but on the idea that Negroes have slum characteristics: that they're dirty, immoral, illiterate. Yet when the ordinary, respectable Negro couple can afford to leave the slum, they can't find a place to go. So more Negroes are

born to life in the crowded slums, and the chances become greater that the next generation really will have slum characteristics.

No matter how widely Americans differ on the race question, most of them seemed to be concerned about this problem. "Do you think that tearing down slum houses and building low-rent housing helps or hurts in solving the Negro-White problem?" was one of the questions the door-to-door interviewers asked.

An almost unanimous majority of all groups questioned agreed that this would help solve the problem: 86% of northern whites, 82% of southern whites, and 86% of Negroes.

Tearing down slums and building low-cost housing leads inevitably to another question. And on this one, Americans cannot agree. "Do you think that to help solve the Negro-White problem, a housing project should be occupied by both whites and Negroes, or that the two races should have separate housing projects?"

Low-cost housing should be—	WHITES	NE-	
Negroes would—	No.	So.	GROES
Occupied by both	35%	6%	77%
Separate projects	54	90	11

There is a great contrast between northern and southern white opinion on this question. But a majority of both groups definitely favor separate projects. Negroes, just as definitely, desire such housing proj-

ects to be occupied by both races.

Practically speaking, if a Negro were offered the choice between a slum and a new but segregated housing project, he would choose the project. But he goes to the project, as he went to the slum, because there is no other place for him to go. What he really wants is freedom of choice. A project "for Negroes only" is just one more restriction on his freedom. It is a white man telling him again to live here, not there.

An important task of the survey was to discover how Americans felt about mixing the races in ordinary neighborhoods. The field-research men asked this hypothetical question: "If every 10th house in all neighborhoods were occupied by a Negro family, do you think that would help or hurt in solving the Negro-White problem?"

Interspersing Negroes would—	WHITES	NE-	
Help solution	No.	So.	GROES
Help solution	39%	11%	61%
Hurt solution	31	66	6
Neither help nor hurt	15	13	16
No opinion	15	10	17

There was a typical direct contrast between northern Negro and southern white views on mixing Negroes proportionally among all neighborhoods—two thirds of each group held exactly opposite views. The northern whites seemed uncertain about the effects of having Negroes living everywhere: four

"Who do you think feel more friendly toward Negroes—whites living in neighborhoods where there are Negroes or whites living in other neighborhoods? Who do you think feel more friendly toward whites—Negroes living in neighborhoods where there are whites or Negroes living in other neighborhoods?"

	Whites are more friendly in mixed areas	white areas	no difference	Negroes are more friendly in mixed areas	Negro areas	no difference
35%	38%	12%				
35	39	11				
35	30	19				
30	43	13				
28	47	10				
38	30	21				
70	10	13				
69	11	12				
72	9	13				
52	16	18				
48	16	19				
63	17	15				
			Northern whites			
			from white areas			
			from mixed areas*			
			Southern whites			
			from white areas			
			from mixed areas			
			Northern Negroes			
			from Negro areas			
			from mixed areas			
			Southern Negroes			
			from Negro areas			
			from mixed areas			

*For the purposes of the survey, neighborhoods in which at least one of the ten families living nearest to the person being interviewed is of the other race.

out of ten favored the idea, and three out of ten opposed it. There was a high proportion of "no opinions" to this question. Opposition to anything smacking of a quota system might have been responsible for some of the hesitancy the interviewers noticed.

The "one-in-ten" question was hypothetical. The research men clarified the answers somewhat by asking two other questions that put the problem in more practical terms. "Who do you think feel more friendly toward Negroes—whites living in neighborhoods where there are Negroes or whites living in other neighborhoods? Who do you think feel more friendly toward whites—Negroes living in neighborhoods where there are whites or Negroes living in other neighborhoods?" The results are tabulated above.

The northern whites again showed an almost evenly divided opinion. There was no emphatic majority saying either that mixed neighborhoods or that separate neighborhoods make the races more friendly. Southern whites still think that separate neighborhoods keep the races more friendly, but only four out of ten say this, compared with the six out of ten who answered the last question by saying that mixing the neighborhoods would hinder solution of the race problem. Negroes definitely think that both whites and Negroes are more friendly when they live near each other.

What about people who actually live in mixed neighborhoods? Has their experience with the other race affected their attitude towards it? Sociologists have long suspected that northern whites who live in

close proximity to Negroes seem to be more greatly prejudiced than other whites. Here are the facts.

NORTHERN WHITES	
FROM MIXED AREAS	FROM WHITE AREAS
37% say we are getting farther from solving the race problem	23%
16% say they dislike most Negroes	8%
21% would be unwilling to work beside a Negro	16%
35% think the races should be kept apart	31%
46% say that meeting socially delays a solution of the race problem	28%
35% think whites from mixed neighborhoods are more friendly to Negroes	35%
29% think Negroes from mixed neighborhoods are more friendly to whites	37%

This looks as though we are farther, indeed, from a solution of the Negro housing problem. After all,

if the whites who live next door to Negroes don't like them, doesn't that prove that Negroes are bad neighbors?

Not necessarily. When Negroes move into a white neighborhood, the whites often do not give themselves a chance to decide the real worth of their new neighbors. Riots, bombings, and bricks often replace the welcoming committee. It is only natural that there should be some hard feelings left over, even when the neighborhood has settled down. After all, most northern mixed neighborhoods are of rather recent origin.

The answers northern Negroes gave to the survey questions were not affected at all by the type of neighborhood they lived in. And in the South, where mixed neighborhoods are very old, the survey made an interesting discovery. Both Negroes and whites living in mixed areas were more favorably disposed toward each other than those who live in separate areas.



SECOND WIND

Just as the commuters' train was pulling out of the station, a young man flung his brief case onto the observation platform and swung himself over the hand-rail. He stood panting but triumphant as the train gathered speed.

An elderly gentleman on the platform observed him with some scorn. "You young men don't keep in condition," he snorted.

"Look at how done in you are! When I was your age, I'd often run half a mile to catch this 8:15 by the skin of my teeth, and still be fresh as a daisy."

"You don't understand, pop," puffed the young man. "I missed this train at the last station."

D.F.S.

By  Vincent S. Waters
Condensed from
the "Liturgical Conference Proceedings"*

How I Lost My Prejudice

*Meeting a persevering Negro did
for me what logic could not do*

At the latest Liturgical conference, in Worcester, Mass., Bishop Vincent S. Waters of Raleigh, N.C., was asked what explanation there is for Catholics who argue for segregation in the Church. Bishop Waters' prompt and dramatic answer, as reported in the published record of the conference, is presented here.

I AM A SOUTHERNER. I have been prejudiced. I had to get rid of my prejudice to get to be a little more Catholic. I shall tell you the story of how I lost my prejudice.

I remember the first time I boarded a streetcar in Baltimore, having come up from Virginia. A colored person sat beside me. I arose and got off the car. I had never had to solve that problem before, and that is the way I solved it.

Not through any intellectual gymnastics or logic did I lose my prejudice. I lost my prejudice by meeting a person, a colored person. Charlie had come from Florida, up through North Carolina and Virginia, heading north for opportuni-

ty. He hoped to educate himself. He already had two years of high school. He was a Protestant. He had a good voice. He thought he might get on the radio. He thought he might get a job at night and go to school during the day.

Charlie was outside of Philadelphia looking around at the public buildings. He saw a beautiful building, walked up, and peeked in the door. Some very nice young lady said, "Won't you come in? This is a Catholic parochial high school. It has just been finished, and we are having open house today." She showed him around, and in a little while asked him if he wouldn't like to come to school there.

He said, "Oh, could I come here? In Florida we don't have colored children with the white, and I am not Catholic."

"Well, there will be some colored children here and we will even have some non-Catholics," the lady said.

"Oh, I would love going here," he answered.

Charlie got a job working at

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night, and went to day school. He was the only Negro in his class, and was treated wonderfully well. He even became the president of the class. After a few months he was so taken by the Catholic faith that he asked for instruction. He became a Catholic, and a good one.

When he was graduated, Charlie told the priest, "Father, I will never be satisfied unless I have a chance to study for the priesthood."

The priest said, "There are not many bishops in the country who will take a colored boy: they aren't able to use them in many places. But if you want to study for our Religious Order we will be glad to send you to Rome."

He went back to Florida to tell his old mother good-by. When she heard he was a Catholic she wasn't too interested, but when she heard he was going to be a priest, she almost threw him out of the house. He gathered up his things to go back to Philadelphia and off to Rome.

When he got back to Philadelphia he found that he did not have the money to go to Rome.

He went around to the Protestant churches and told the ministers, "Let me sing for your congregation. I want to be a priest, and I have to get enough money to go to Rome." They let him sing for the congregation, and said, "If this boy wants to be a priest, that's what we want him to be." They took up collections, and by the end of the week he had

enough money to get steerage passage.

He was a couple of decks down under the water line, of course, but when Sunday came he asked permission to go up and hear Mass. Mass was being offered in first class. One priest was serving another. He asked permission to serve in the place of one of the priests. At the end, the priest said, "Charlie, where are you going?"

"I am going to Rome to be a priest." A little inquiry showed that he didn't have enough money to get from Naples to Rome. Well, they gave him enough money to be sure that he got to Rome.

When he got to Rome he went to his Religious Community. They finally got somebody down to the door who could speak English. They said, "We wrote you not to come. We have no room. We can't even help you tonight. We are so crowded we have people sleeping in the corridors."

Some one said, "Well, the Paulists are an American Community, and they ought to be able to help him. Send him to Santa Susanna." But Santa Susanna was crowded too. The priest was living in the sacristy and taking his meals at the near-by hotel. He couldn't help him, and said, "Go to the North American college; that's where you ought to be."

Monsignor Burke, who was our rector at the North American college then, was a wonderfully great

man. He was big in stature and his heart was as big as his body. He said, "Sure, Charlie, we will put you to work, and when you get enough money, we will send you back." He put him to work in the kitchen.

I remember when he first came out to serve the boys with a white apron and a white cap; the whole student community got up and gave a cheer. They had not seen a Negro in four or five years.

Many of the southern boys took a real interest in him because they knew what difficulties he had overcome. He had a very strict program for himself. He knew that he would need the recommendations of the rector if he hoped to get anywhere. It was very difficult for him to get any papers from this country, even his baptismal certificate. After a few months he became discouraged, so he kept very close to the college.

Charlie borrowed books. He borrowed one from me, *The Autobiography of the Little Flower*. I think that he got a notion from that, because a couple of weeks later he came to my door after night prayers. He was trembling.

I said, "Come in, Charlie, sit down and tell me what's wrong."

"I had to do it, I was getting nowhere," he said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well," he said, "you know I couldn't even get my certificate or any recommendations so I asked monsignor, Monsignor, I must have enough money to be sent home. I wonder if before I go, I couldn't have an audience with our Holy Father?"

"Sure, Charlie, I'll put you on next week," the monsignor answered.

The next night Charlie wrote a letter. He said, "Dear Holy Father." And he told him his story. The next day, kneeling in front of the Holy Father, Charlie pulled out this letter and gave it to the Pope. The Holy Father took it, and gave it to an attendant. A cardinal was appointed to take care of the boy's case. The next day Charlie was sent over to the Propaganda Fidei college, and before the end of the week, he was a seminarian.

That is a long answer but you can see what that did to my prejudice.

PILGRIMS' PRIDE

Two ladies from Boston were among passengers on a sight-seeing bus that was rolling through central California on a very warm day.

"It never gets like this in Boston," remarked one lady, fanning herself vigorously.

"Of course not," returned the other. "But you have to remember that here we are 3,000 miles from the ocean."

Tracks.

By Frank Devine
Condensed from the New York
"Sunday News"*

The Suez Canal: 101 Miles of Crisis

*Nasser seized it because he
needs cash and more prestige*

THE SUEZ CANAL, a placid salt-water ditch 101 miles long, connects the Red sea with the Mediterranean. That ditch has a checkered past and an explosive present. As of now, the canal is in the hands of the Egyptian government of President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who seized control from its British and French owners.

Nasser really doesn't care much about canals one way or another. He is a typically hard-pressed Egyptian ruler in search of cash. He has been operating an enormously expensive military machine, and the canal tolls of almost \$100 million a year would help solve his problems. Egypt in modern times has been a country of desperately poor people who have had the misfortune to be ruled by a line of men who felt that they had to live like pharaohs, and consequently were always short of money. Had the rulers been men of slightly less exalted tastes, Egypt would always have been, as she was in the begin-

ning, a major owner of the canal. Instead, Egypt's share was pawned and never redeemed.

The idea of linking the commerce of the Red sea and the Mediterranean has appealed to imaginative men since the dawn of history. There is evidence that the legendary Pharaoh Seostris, who lived 1,500 years before Christ, built a canal to connect the Nile with the Red sea.

Napoleon, when he conquered Egypt in 1798, considered the possibility of a canal, but one of his engineers, J. M. Lepere, reported that there was a difference of 29



*220 E. 42d St., New York City 17. Aug. 19, 1956. © 1956 by the News Syndicate Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

feet in the levels of the Red sea and the Mediterranean. So Napoleon dropped the project; he did not consider a canal with locks feasible. Lepere's engineering was faulty. The levels of the two seas actually are identical, and the present Suez canal needs no locks.

Into the Suez picture in the middle of the 19th century came another Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps. He had become interested in the possibilities of a Suez canal while French consul at Alexandria, and his researches had convinced him that Napoleon's engineer was wrong about the difference in levels between the seas.

At first, de Lesseps met various difficulties, physical and financial. The British, who wielded great power in the Near East and had built a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez, were set against the canal, and they used their influence with Turkey to hold up approval of the project. On a salesman's visit to London, de Lesseps was told that his idea was a physical impossibility. And besides, Britain did not intend to permit a French company to control its lifeline to India, Australia, and the Orient.

But de Lesseps was an idealist, and he had tremendous energy plus enthusiasm for his own ideas. He promptly sold stock in his *Compagnie Universelle de Canal Maritime de Suez* (which, incidentally, is still the official name of the canal company).

In those days, men with capital were glad to take long chances if there was a possibility of rich reward. De Lesseps quickly raised 200 million francs, roughly equivalent to \$40 million. The shares sold for 500 francs, or about \$100, each. They have proved to be among the best investments on earth.

De Lesseps finally started his project in 1859, using hand labor, with shovels and baskets. Had he continued in that fashion, it is doubtful if he ever would have finished.

The British, who had not yet become reconciled to the idea of a canal, unwittingly did de Lesseps a favor at a crucial moment. For what were said to be humanitarian reasons, an agitation was begun among social reformers in England against the use of forced labor on the project.

The khedive of Egypt withdrew de Lesseps' 20,000 laborers and made other demands, and forced a halt in construction. He finally permitted 6,000 workers to return to the job, but de Lesseps had to adopt more modern engineering methods. His costs, of course, soared; the hand labor had been costing him practically nothing.

Thus, de Lesseps kept running out of money, and each new stock issue became a little harder to float than the last. He was able to sell his last issue only by combining it with a lottery. The total investment was \$85 million.

The Suez canal was ready for limited traffic in 1869. The Empress Eugenie of France was aboard the first ship through the canal, and behind her came an assorted collection of crowned heads and minor royalty. The khedive, who had been no great help in getting the canal built, threw a national party costing him \$5 million. He also commissioned Giuseppe Verdi to write an opera, with an Egyptian theme, especially for the canal opening. Verdi was a full two years late in delivering his manuscript. *Aida* finally was sung in Cairo in 1871, and it turned out to be so good that nobody complained.

From his Suez triumph, de Lesseps went on to bankruptcy and disgrace in a futile attempt to dig a Panama canal. He died a broken man at 89, without seeing his Panama dream come true.

The Suez canal was a success from the outset. Its opening coincided with the arrival of the age of steam and the opening of a vast trade with the East. Its value can easily be seen in the simple fact that it is 10,500 miles from Plymouth, England, to Bombay, India, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, but only 6,200 miles by the canal.

In 1875, Benjamin Disraeli, then prime minister of England, heard that the khedive (possibly because he needed money to pay for his party) was hawking 44% of the shares of the canal company in all the banking houses of Europe. Dis-

raeli persuaded Queen Victoria that the canal shares would be a national asset, and got her permission to borrow the necessary \$20 million from the Rothschilds.

England has never regretted the purchase. Since 1875 she has received more than eight times the purchase price in dividends. Until the recent crisis, the shares were selling for about \$225 and returning \$30 a year in dividends.

The company has been controlled by a board of 32 directors, which included nine Britons. The others are Frenchmen, Egyptians, Dutchmen, and one American. The American stock interest always has been negligible, but we are represented because we are a maritime nation.

After England became the principal proprietor of the canal, she also became the principal proprietor of Egypt. Her troops occupied the country in 1883, ostensibly to prevent an uprising that would have interfered with canal traffic. British troops remained continuously in Egypt from then until last year.

Nasser's bold seizure of the canal was prompted by several considerations. As a politician, he must keep showing results if he wishes to stay in business; as an Arab nationalist, he must lose no opportunity to demonstrate his independence of the Europeans who controlled his country for so long.

Nasser's pet public-works project has been a high dam on the Nile

at Aswan, which would irrigate hundreds of thousands of arid acres and open them to cultivation by his impoverished people. He has been dickering in the international diplomatic marts for the \$1.4 billion the project would require. For a time it appeared that he would get at least part of the money from the International Bank with the blessing of the U. S. and Britain.

Nasser, however, in the hope of getting better terms from the West, hinted that Russia was ready to put up the money he needed. The U. S. and Britain lost interest in the project, as Russia did later.

Nasser then announced he was seizing the canal and planning to build his dam with the toll revenue. Britain and France were indignant. The British and French regarded Nasser as a threat to international commerce. If he could seize the canal, he could also close it at will.

They could cite some precedent in Egypt's treatment of Israeli shipping. Because Egypt and Israel are technically at war, Israeli ships have been barred from the canal by Egypt for several years.

The Suez is worth arguing about. It is the busiest canal in the world, though little known to anyone but sailors because few passenger ships traverse it. In 1955 it carried 118.5 million tons of cargo. The Panama canal handled less than half that amount.

The largest part of the present traffic is oil from the Middle East,

oil that Europe must have. Those oil shipments have made up about 65% of the canal traffic. The rest of the northbound traffic consists of raw materials from the East bound for the manufacturing countries of Europe. The southbound traffic is made up almost entirely of European manufactured articles.

Expenses are a matter that may give Nasser a headache or two. Because of the Nile's silt, the canal must be dredged constantly, and this work always has been done under supervision of French engineers.

The canal company has been so rich (in 1954, the canal took in \$92.7 million) that it never has had to stint on maintenance. Should Nasser try to cut corners in this direction, he may find himself with a ditch full of mud.

Two nations such as Britain and France, even in the twilight of empire, can exert all sorts of pressures.

However, a man who may be able to solve all of Nasser's problems is poking around in the Egyptian desert. He is Millard Neptune, from Bartlesville, Okla., who is looking for oil. The geological formations underlying Egypt have been found to be very similar to those of the surrounding countries which are rich in oil. Should Neptune find oil, Nasser gets 15% the first year and 25% after that. It wouldn't take much of that kind of money to make him forget all about the Suez canal.

Are You Catholic But Bashful?

Here is a test on whether you are too timid to make a good martyr.

TO MANY PERSONS, one's religion is a quite private and personal affair. For them, any outward show of religious belief seems a little too much like "wearing your heart upon your sleeve." There are others who feel that talking about religion, like talking about politics, is one of those things that are "not good form." And in countries like America and Britain, prevailing social attitudes make it very easy for a person to keep quiet about his religion.

Are American Catholics bashful about their religion? Clearly, some of them are, but that's not the point. The point is, how do *you* stack up? Are you bashful about letting people know that you're a Catholic? To help you find out, the editors of **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST** have devised a test similar to the ones which reveal other personality traits. The test is *not* designed to measure your devotion to your religion, nor is it intended as any kind of examination of conscience.

People are different: some of them tend naturally to be communicative about matters that touch



them deeply; others are just the opposite. Religion is one such matter. Taking this test will let you know how much of your religion shows on the surface.

Following are 20 questions. Simply put a check in the appropriate space. The number of points to give yourself for each answer is indicated in each case.

1. Do you tip your hat when you go by a church? Yes —5 No —0
2. Do you tip your hat when you meet a priest, nun, Brother? Yes —5 No —0
3. Do you greet a priest, nun, Brother? ("Hello," "Good Morning.") Yes —5 No —0
4. Do you say Grace in a restaurant or public dining place? Yes —5 No —0
5. Do you have holy pictures or religious art in your home? Yes —5 No —0
6. Do you have them downstairs

or upstairs? Downstairs—5 Up stairs—0

7. Do you have a St. Christopher medal in your car? Yes—3 No—0

8. Do you ever bring up the subject of religion in conversation? Yes—5 No—0

9. When a question of religion comes up in conversation, do you prefer to be silent or do you join in the discussion? Join—5 Silent—0

10. Do you belong to any parish society? Yes—2 No—0

11. Are you reluctant to join obviously Catholic organizations and groups? Join—5 Reluctant —0

12. Do you wear your scapular medal when you go swimming? Yes—3 No—0

13. Do you ever leave Catholic magazines and periodicals in view when you have Protestant visitors in your home? Yes—10 No—0

14. Do you ever read Catholic publications on public conveyances? Yes—5 No—0

15. Do you give your children saints' names? Yes—5 No—0

16. If you are a man, do you carry your missal to Mass? Yes—2 No—0

17. On days of abstinence and Fridays, in company where meat is served, do you go quietly hungry or ask if fish or eggs are available? Ask—10 Go hungry—5 Consider yourself excused—0

18. Do you prefer to send your children to Catholic schools or to part-time instructions? Catholic schools—5 Part time instructions—2 Neither—0

19. Do you give THE CATHOLIC DIGEST to non-Catholics? Yes —5 No—0

20. If a non-Catholic should ask you to go to a B or C movie with him, would you refuse? Yes, and explain my reason—5 Refuse to go without explanation, or some other excuse—2 Go along—0

Total score _____

Now find your total score by adding the points listed beside the line you checked. If you are a man, it is at least theoretically possible for you to score 100. If you are a woman, your highest possible score is 88, since questions 1, 2, and 16 apply only to men. However, the editors of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST suspect that women are much less bashful about their religion than men, so perhaps it is only right that men should start with this unfair advantage!

In any case, if you scored between 80 and 100, whether you are a man or a woman, you most certainly are not bashful about your religion. Indeed, though you may not know it, you are something of an evangelist, like St. Matthew, who first quoted Christ's words, "So let your light shine before men. . . ."

If you scored between 70 and 80,

you still rate a "passing" grade. In fact, you are probably like most Catholics: you make no secret of your religion; neither do you wear it on your sleeve.

If you scored between 50 and 70, you are probably rather reticent by nature. Your religion may mean just as much to you or more than it does to those who scored 100, but it is less likely that non-Catholics will ask *you* any questions about the Church. Perhaps that's the way you want it.

A score of 40 or below would indicate that you are keeping your

lighted candle under a bushel. Religion may be a private matter, but there is no need to be so secretive about it.

If you came up with 20 or less, perhaps it is time to ask yourself another question. How would I act if I were facing the same situation that confronts the Catholics of Poland, Hungary, Rumania, China, Viet-Nam? (We mention but a few of the nations that awoke suddenly to find themselves behind the Iron Curtain.) Would I have the courage to hold fast to my faith? It's something to think about.



MIDNIGHT MASS AT DONDU

I cherish the memory of my first Christmas in Thailand. I was at Dondu, a tiny village 500 miles northeast of Bangkok. The church there was nothing but a shack. We had no crib; and the decorations were the kind you might expect to find in a spot like Dondu. We had palms from coconut trees, and some tattered paper flowers that might have dated from the coming of Christianity to Thailand in the 16th century.

I had been in Thailand about three months, and hadn't learned to speak the language. But I was learning to read and could pronounce after a fashion. An older priest had written a little sermon for me.

At midnight Mass I read my sermon with the most acute embarrassment. My audience was as uneducated a one as you could find, but this was their language, and I was chewing it up terribly, I knew.

Communion time came, and the congregation filed up to the altar: poor people wrapped in blankets, some carrying little children in pitifully thin clothes. The only light was from the candles sputtering on the altar; it fell unevenly across the faces of the communicants.

The floor creaked and shook as I carried the ciborium down from the altar, and the wind whined in through a thousand cracks. At that moment I was pierced with a screaming reality: a stable, our church was, a bleak and wretched stable, and oh, dear Lord, it was magnificent! I know I shall never have another Christmas quite like that again.

John Duyn, C.Ss.R.

By John S. Kennedy
*Condensed from a radio address**

I Still Love My Old Neighborhood

*Living there taught me
where tolerance begins*

JEWS, PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS; Italians, Irish, Swedes: such was the population of the neighborhood in which I passed my childhood and youth. My family moved into it when I was five years old. That was in 1914; the 1st World War was breaking out in Europe and a radically different era was balefully dawning on the world.

For a group so mixed, we got on extremely well. The harsh lines and shadows in any picture tend to fade with time. But, allowing for this, it still seems to me that we of different strains were not under strain in our dealings with one another.

In that neighborhood there was no talk of fellowship and brotherhood, no harangues on tolerance, for the simple reason that there was no need. You don't lecture the inhabitants of a tropical island on the evils of frostbite. No one had to try to persuade us to put up with one another, because we were doing much better than that already. The idea that we should despise, or even

dislike, one another because of our various differences never occurred to us.

There were differences, of course: of national origin, religion, diet, custom. A Swedish family at the



corner had its Christmas tree some weeks before the rest of us. It is the Swedish way to make much of the feast of St. Lucy, which occurs

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*On the "Christian in Action" program of The American Broadcasting Company, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men. © 1956, and reprinted with permission.

early in December. We would all troop into the spotless house to view the tree with its glinting ornaments and its glowing candles, and to have the traditional refreshments always provided.

We did not scoff at this anticipation of our own celebration; neither did we think these people freaks for doing things differently. We knew there was a difference, of course, and we doubtless thought it rather odd when first we learned of it. But we did not therefore ridicule, much less hate, those who were unlike ourselves.

On the next street lived an Italian barber and his large, black-eyed family. His was one of many Italian households in the neighborhood. But we were perhaps more familiar with it than most others because we went there often. Sometimes we went to get our hair cut, and sometimes to see a show produced, directed, stage-managed, and starred in by one of the daughters. The haircuts we got for little or nothing; but we had to have the right number of pins ready if we wished to see the show.

We saw this distinctively Italian home from the inside. Here again, although there was a marked variation from our own way of doing things (the spaghetti and the wine, the loudly colored religious pictures and the Easter pastry) we did not feel that this was a bizarre or suspect world, or one to be laughed at or feared.

Facing our street was the big

front porch of a family Irish in ancestry, Catholic in faith. They had a vigorous daughter, somewhat senior to the rest of us, who had the distinction of already attending school while we were still looking forward to that marvelous adventure. She decided to give us a taste of it in advance.

For some weeks one summer she gathered us on that porch to (so she said) teach us. We sat on the floor, while she, wearing one of her mother's skirts and using a wash stick as pointer, lectured and disciplined us, teaching us very little except obedience. Nobody felt out of place, nobody resented anybody else's presence.

My own parents' closest friends in the neighborhood were a Jewish couple who lived upstairs. There was constant visiting back and forth. When my mother went downtown I was left with the woman upstairs, and I can remember having delicious noodle soup there. When the woman upstairs went downtown, her little daughter was left with us.

I recall summer evenings of intense heat, with the daylight lingering late and thunder muttering around the horizon, when both sets of parents sat on the porch together and we, restless in our beds, could hear the drone of their talk, punctuated by occasional laughter.

In the flu epidemic of 1918, the Jewish husband died, and the grief in our flat was second only to that in the darkened rooms above. The

obsequies were strictly Orthodox. We went up to view the remains of our friend, and found him laid upon the floor with bare feet exposed. A heavily bearded rabbi came and went.

At odd hours, we heard chanting odd to our ears. When the body was finally taken away in a starkly plain wooden box draped in a pall embroidered in unfamiliar symbols and Hebrew letters, we watched fascinated. For some time afterward, we could overhear daily memorial prayers. All this was utterly new to us. But we did not think it outlandish. It impressed us. We gained new respect for these friends of ours.

Now and again I meet that Jewish woman who cared for me when my mother went shopping, and our reunion is always joyous. We are both much changed, but when we see each other, the old neighborhood springs to life once more and we restate some of the happiness with which it was richly blessed. We speak of this one or that one, and we always agree that those were happy days.

Down the street lived an Episcopalian clergyman and his family. He wore a Roman collar, but his suits were gray and he had a moustache. We could tell at a glance that he was not a Catholic priest. Did this mean that we thought ill of him? Not in the least. We always spoke respectfully to him. Indeed, we were always glad to see him, for

he was never too preoccupied to give us a cheery greeting. Besides, his wife and my mother were on very friendly terms. Whenever they met, there was sure to be a conversation between porch and sidewalk, about everything from war news to cold remedies.

My parents were what some persons, using a trite phrase, would call "devout Catholics." Some people use it in praise, others in derision. To some, "devout Catholic" suggests narrowness, selfishness, un-neighborness, bigotry. Doubtless there are Catholics with some or all of these characteristics. But they are not devout Catholics, properly so called, and they certainly are not typical Catholics.

My parents loved the Church dearly, second only to God. They went to Mass without fail, and not only on Sundays. They supported the Church liberally out of their very limited means. They had great respect for priests. No greater honor could be done them than that a priest should come to the house, or salute them on the street.

One of my first recollections is of being taught my prayers. I was taken to Mass very frequently from the age of three. Holy pictures were part of the scenery of our home. I began Sunday school at an early age, and had to trudge many a block to church for instructions. Religion was not superficial with my parents. Their lives were dyed to the roots in it and they did all

in their power to make their children's lives the same.

I have already suggested that our neighbors were deeply religious folk, too. Many of the Protestants went to the white-spired church down the avenue, and the children told us of what went on in the Sunday school there. The Jews were members of one or another synagogue. In the whole of that populous neighborhood hardly anyone did not belong to a church. And yet the friendliness, the common attitude of helpfulness toward one another, (though each group differed sharply in belief and practice) could hardly have been improved upon.

Did sickness come to one house? Then everyone pitched in to help at cooking, tending furnace, running errands. Did someone die? Then sorrow came, in some measure, to every home. Did someone win a scholarship? It was a distinction in which we all shared.

I always think of the old neighborhood when I hear people saying that the presence of religious differences is divisive; that it sets a community at odds; that it prevents a society from being a well-functioning organism; that it hampers democracy. Such views are generally voiced by people who know little about religion and care less. One might as well argue that differences in height and weight

and beauty make people incompatible.

Much of the friction attributed to religion is actually social in origin. My old neighborhood comprised simple, humble, God-fearing, God-seeking men and women. Neither the germs of economic and social struggle nor the virus of secularism (which subsequently played so conspicuous a part in American life) were at work in those people.

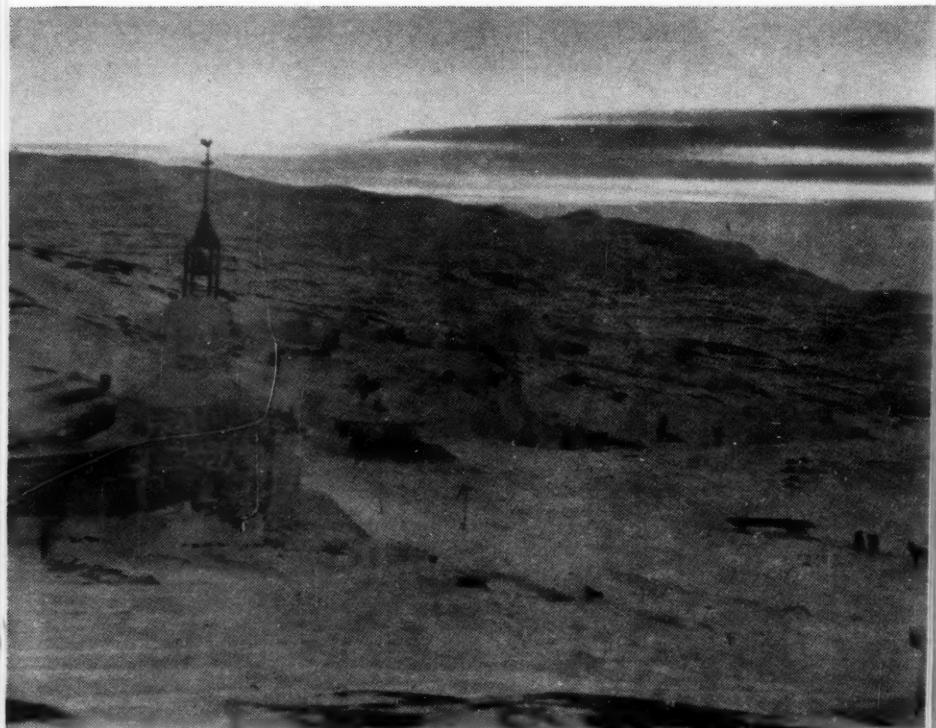
Those of the old neighborhood honored one another's sincerity of conscience. For my parents, the Catholic Church was the one Church founded by Christ, universal in scope and meant to be the single household of the faith for all mankind. Yet they sought to use compulsion on no man to join it.

It is only now, in retrospect, that I see how authentic and powerful a Christian spirit was at work in the old neighborhood. My parents, now gone to God, made no bones about their religion. They were Catholic, wholly and enthusiastically so. They suffered no penalty because of that fact. And they, in turn, imposed no penalty on those of different faith. They tried to show forth in their lives the meaning, the beauty, and the spiritual force of Catholicism; to shed its light in their homely circle. And their efforts, I have reason to know, were not in vain.



The Declaration of Independence says that all men are created equal, but many people never see it in black and white.

Hal Chadwick.



The village of Pelly Bay at noon, a few days before the return of the sun.

Christmas at Pelly Bay

At Pelly Bay, Northwest Territory, Canada, where the Eskimo population is entirely Catholic, Christmas is observed as in the rest of the Christian world. Elsewhere, Christmas ceremonies are held in stone cathedrals, marble basilicas, or in churches of brick or wood; but at

Pelly Bay, midnight Mass is celebrated in a church of snow.

Several days before the feast, Eskimo families begin to arrive and install themselves in igloos near the mission.

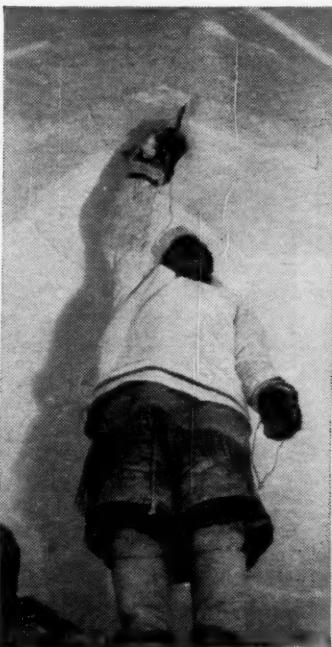
Then, using as a scaffolding the central porch available to all four

igloos via connecting tunnels, the Eskimos commence construction of the large community igloo, called *k'aggek*, which will serve them as a church.

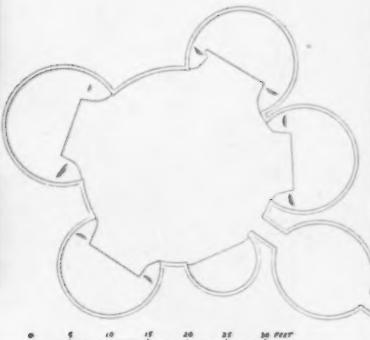
All the able-bodied men take part. Some cut out the blocks in areas where snow is of proper consistency. Others haul the blocks while the builders, beginning simultaneously, start several spirals and gradually shape the huge dome.

On Christmas eve, the church is completed. All the population gathers for the vigil. Inside, stone seal-oil lamps provide a comfortable amount of heat for the igloo. Outside, it's 40° below zero.

Eighteen feet above ground, Dominic Tungilik inserts final block in snow church.



Old snow porch, which served as scaffolding in construction of the big igloo, is demolished.



Plan of K'aggek

Photos by "Eskimo"
Churchill, Manitoba, Canada



At midnight Mass, celebrated by Father Vandeveld and sung by those assisting, the holy Mysteries unfold in a contemplative and fervent atmosphere.



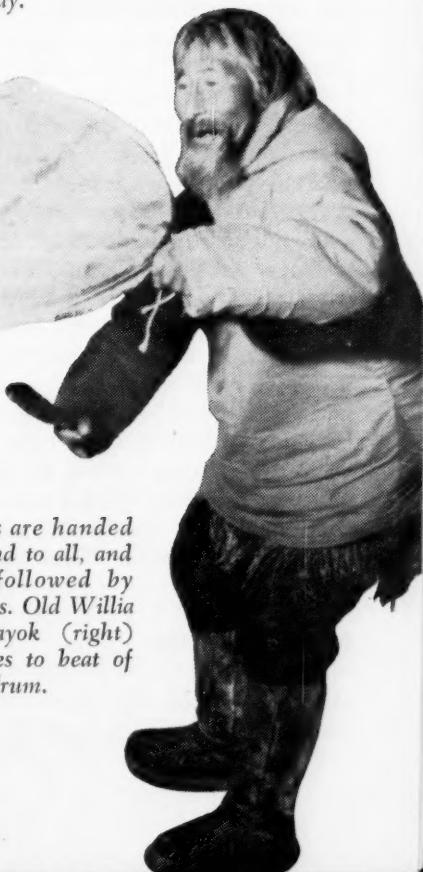
Alcove of snow becomes a new Grotto of Bethlehem where the Eskimos render homage to their Creator.



*Mass is over; the Eskimos start celebrating.
Merrymaking continues throughout the day.*



Gifts are handed around to all, and are followed by games. Old Willia Niptyayok (right) dances to beat of the drum.



By Pierce Shannon
Condensed from the "Town Journal"*

We Were Adopted by a Teen-Ager

*Her wall of fear was strong, but it
crumbled at last before love and praise*

WE WERE CHILDLESS. For five desperate years we haunted adoption agencies, dreaming of a tiny, clinging infant—all ours. The little girl who finally came to us was neither tiny nor clinging, nor, for that matter, was she even ours.

I can still see her that first day, a black-haired, freckled-nosed 13-year-old wearing a faded taffeta skirt, a hand-me-down sweater, and a thoroughly frightened look. I remember also our disappointment when we had to agree that Mary Elizabeth could come to us only as a foster child, not an adopted child.

"Of course," the case worker said, "if you can break through the emotional barrier she has built up against not having a home, *she* may possibly adopt *you*. With a teen-age child, that's the way it has to be before we'll consider legal adoption."

My wife and I were both past 35 when we first applied for an infant. In our five-year search we, too, had learned the bitterness of

feeling unwanted: "You are too old," the welfare agencies told us.

Social-welfare agencies can afford to be choosy. Nation-wide, for each adoptable infant there are requests



from ten acceptable couples. In our area, the ratio was a hundred to one!

Then a case worker suggested, "How about an older child? Your chances for a baby are nil. But we can't find enough good homes for children of five and older. Our orphanages are full of them."

*Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. October, 1956. © 1956 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

We jumped at the alternative. We have since learned that orphanages in our area have 25 available older children for each acceptable home offered. This is a tragic figure when you think that one out of every four marriages in the U. S. is childless.

Our Mary Elizabeth's father died when she was a baby. At five, she lost her mother. She came to us after eight years in a "home." It meant anxiety and heartache for us to overcome the mark of those years, to make her a part of our family.

I could sense the child's nervousness that first day, as she tapped the sofa with one scuffed loafer.

"I—they told me I could stay for the week end," she said falteringly. "I brought my things."

She clutched a tattered cardboard box tied with brown string. In it were all her earthly possessions: a comb with three teeth missing, two pairs of cotton panties, a dingy yellow sweater with imitation jewels at the throat. With her she had also brought a resolve neither to like nor to let herself be liked for fear her experience might be just another bad dream ending back again at the orphanage.

The case worker had warned us, "Mary Elizabeth has been unwanted and *knows it*. When we can't find a home for children by this age, they turn resentful and rebellious. Just remember that behind it is fear."

During this short week end, we

had to help this child to feel she would like to live with us. Later we might hope to win her love and confidence. We spent a quiet Saturday and Sunday. Mary Elizabeth played with the dogs and explored the woods. We watched her pause in her play, to look about with wonder.

As shadows lengthened Sunday afternoon, Mary Elizabeth grew moody. She watched us, then the clock. At dinner she picked at the fried chicken.

At last, without looking up from her plate, she asked, "When are you taking me back?"

What did she really want, inside her heart, underneath the question?

"We've had fun together, haven't we?" my wife said.

Mary Elizabeth nodded silently.

"We didn't know that having a little girl in our home could be so wonderful," my wife continued.

Still the girl was silent. Time stood still.

My wife went on. "We've decided we would like to have a little girl like you live with us all the time."

We saw her back stiffen, her face tense with uncertainty.

"We need a little girl so badly. We hoped maybe you would like to live with us. Would you?"

In the brief second that Mary Elizabeth weighed her answer we sensed the tragic problem of older homeless children, the desperate, hollow pretense that they don't

want to be "chosen" and don't care for fear that once again they'll be passed over in favor of a younger child.

Then, bravely, she took a chance —on us. "I—I—guess so," she whispered. "If you really need me."

I had trouble seeing my plate behind a film of tears.

The first few months we lived in the shadow of rebellion. Mary Elizabeth was so afraid she would fall short in our sight and be returned to the orphanage that she tried to be completely independent.

There was the matter of clothes. We supplied her with an appropriate wardrobe, but when my wife tried to suggest how her clothes should be worn, they collided. "The matrons didn't tell me what to wear," she protested. "I'm old enough to know what I like."

"But, dear," my wife would reason, "I'm only trying to show you how other girls wear their clothes. We want you to be as pretty as they."

"If you didn't think I was pretty, why did you take me?"

If we ever had to correct her, there was always the same sobbing response, "If you don't like me, you can take me back."

Always there was that shadow, the fear that we would return her to the institution. We could try to help, but Mary Elizabeth had to convince herself that we wanted her. So she tested us daily.

We tried every way to make her

feel she belonged. When guests came, we asked her to help serve refreshments. If there were children, we dispatched her to show them the chickens. Next thing, she was showing off our home herself!

"We are proud of you," we would tell her after the guests had left. The praise was tonic. She looked for ways to please us.

Helping Mary Elizabeth to call us mom and dad was the single greatest step toward becoming a real family. We helped her overcome her shyness, to burn her bridges behind her, as it were, by showing her sense of belonging—by making a game out of it. One evening after dinner, we each wrote on a slip of paper what we would like her to call us. We put the folded slips in a hat.

Then my wife drew out one slip that was folded a bit awkwardly. There it was, "mother and daddy," written in the bold, young hand of our daughter. The child rushed to throw her arms around us.

Joyfully we unfolded the other two slips. On each appeared the words, "mother and daddy"! From then on, Mary Elizabeth felt that she belonged.

We dreaded school. Mary Elizabeth had always had fair grades. But now she shrank from the possibility of new classmates. She lagged behind as we entered the building.

"Mother, where will I tell them I came from?"

"Tell them anything you want. We'll back you up." Mary Elizabeth visibly squared her shoulders. At the principal's office, she gave her name. "I've been raised in an orphanage," she explained, "but now these are my mother and daddy."

Mary Elizabeth has since talked quite freely about her early years in an orphanage. She's a little cocky over the fact that we "chose" her.

Of course, her rebelliousness continued. But little by little our daughter adjusted to a home of her own.

One night she jumped off the school bus, eyes shining. "All the kids think we are millionaires," she announced.

"What gave them that idea?"

"Because we're from Texas, I guess." (Temporarily we were on assignment in Colorado and had entered her in school there.)

We started the drive up the winding valley to our mountain cabin. Mary Elizabeth rode awhile in silence, drinking in the glory of autumn. "Come to think of it," she piped up, "what's a millionaire got that we haven't?" My wife and I suddenly felt pretty rich, too.

Mary Elizabeth had been with us a year before the word *adoption* was mentioned. Then it came from her, just as we had hoped.

My wife and I were helping

launch a community youth center. Our daughter's excitement matched our enthusiasm. The day for the opening, I drove her to school as usual, but Mary Elizabeth was quiet. Arriving at school, she gave me a quick kiss and then sat fumbling with the car door.

"Anything wrong, sis?" I asked.

"Nothing, daddy—it's just—" her voice quivered. "It's just that all those kids will be there tonight and they'll be proud of their fathers and mothers and what they've done. I'm proud of you and mother, too, but—aw, daddy, why can't I be adopted so my name will be the same as yours? That's what I want more than anything else."

The next morning we went down to court and got the job started.

The judge didn't hear it, and Mary Elizabeth didn't hear it, but my wife and I swear we did: the rending crash of a mighty emotional barrier when you've broken through to a teen-ager's heart and she decides to "adopt" you!

Now, almost two years later, we are just another happy family. Maybe happier because—well, now Mary Elizabeth wants to change her birthday to the date she came to live with us. And the other day I heard her bragging that she resembled both her father and her mother. Strangely enough, it's true!

In the old days a person who missed a stagecoach was resigned to waiting a day or two for the next one. Now, you often see a man annoyed if he misses one section of a revolving door.

Inter-Mountain Press.

By Sister Mary Francis, P.C.
Condensed from "A Right to Be Merry"*

World of Love

The cloistered nun does not 'give up' the world, but takes it wholly to her heart

I HEARD NOT a tinkle of the portress' bell; only suddenly, very suddenly, a gay masculine voice, "Hi, Sister!" I pulled my veil down quickly, wondering where on earth the portress was, and what our founder, St. Clare, would have done at such a moment as this.

"Whassa matter, Sister? You mad?" I was not "mad." But I was acutely embarrassed. For this friendly Spanish workman had come upon me suddenly with his cheery greeting, and, by the rules of my Religious Order, I was not permitted to reply. Then charity, common sense, and the arrival of the portress rescued me simultaneously. "Of course not," I said, and smiled. "God bless you." I retreated behind the blankets I was airing.

We nuns had come to Roswell, N. Mex., three months before to establish a new monastery, but it was only on yesterday's graying February afternoon that the strict enclosure had been enforced. We had been observing enclosure of the grounds, of course, from the beginning, but construction had continued in full swing, and many



minor prescriptions of our strict Order had been temporarily waived by our superiors.

Now the old white farmhouse on the outskirts of Roswell had been pushed, pulled, and pummelled into a reasonably accurate facsimile of a monastery. The workmen had stopped hammering, the last nun had fallen off the last ladder and put her paintbrush away, and the archbishop had set the bounds of the nuns' enclosure. There had been a week of open house authorized by the archbishop so that Roswellites could get an idea of what a Poor Clare monastery is like.

It was all climaxed with a moving little ceremony which would very likely have baffled most persons. We donned our choir mantles in the February twilight, and followed in procession after our abbess, singing the *Te Deum* as she led us from one entrance to another, solemnly locking each from a great ring of keys.

Many a woman would not feel impelled to sing because she was locking herself into a restricted area forever. We did. And recreation that night was very gay. This morning, Mother Abbess had instructed us on the full regulations of enclosure. Henceforth, if any workman had to be admitted into the enclosure, the portress must accompany him, and the bell would be rung to caution nuns to remain out of sight. Well exhorted, we went happily about our chores. Mine was airing blankets, and hence my embarrassment when the good Spanish workman greeted me.

Enclosure baffles many persons. Even those who admire the contemplative life think that the importance of enclosure is exaggerated. What sort of a girl elects to narrow the outer compass of her life to three or four walled-in acres? The neurotic? The lovelorn? The shiftless? The social misfit?

I was 16 when I knew I had to be a Sister. I was 20 when I realized God wanted me in the cloister. So I went to the Jesuit Father who was then librarian at the university

where I was a student, and told him I thought I should be a contemplative. I looked into the deepest eyes in his ascetic face and waited for him to tell me something of the penances of the cloister. Maybe I even expected this priest, who had reached my heart in his retreat discourses, to congratulate me on aspiring to so lofty a life. At any rate, I was certainly not prepared for what he did say.

"Ever have visions?" Father inquired pleasantly.

I started, I blinked, I swallowed. "Why, n—no," I gasped.

"Oh. Have you had any revelations from our Lord?"

I was now completely taken aback. I felt that I was revealing the whole of my drab ordinariness when I looked into Father's searching eyes and gave him a second, even smaller, "No, Father."

Again I heard that disconcerting, ambiguous reply, "Oh." Then, "Any messages from our Lady?"

I felt this must be his last faint hope, and knew that I could not fulfill it. I sat there miserably, stunned to hear this priest questioning me about my vocation as casually as he might have inquired for the health of my great-aunt Hortense, and realizing all too vividly how completely I must be failing his examination. Still, there was no good in evading the issue, even if I did not belong in a cloister, even if my most shining dream was disappearing behind a cloud.

I heard my own voice revealing my nondescriptness. "No, Father. I am a very ordinary person. I want to enter the cloister because I think God is asking me. I like to dance and I like to sing. I love people and this university. I like books and I'd like to teach. And I would not give up any one of these things for anything less than God. But I never have any visions." I stopped breathing for what seemed like a long time and then watched, fascinated, as little laughter lines began to crinkle in Father's eyes.

"Good," he said. And he laughed. After a minute, I laughed, too.

Father did not enlarge on his comment, but picked up a book from his desk. "Put that on your head," he said, "and let me see you walk around the room that way a few times."

Dumbfounded, I obeyed. Somehow the book did *not* slide off, and I stood silent before this saintly madman, wondering what he would think of next. He looked pleased, and motioned me to sit down. I removed the book and sat tensely on the edge of the chair.

His smile vanished. "You'll never make a contemplative if you sit like that. Contemplatives are God's lambs. They frisk on the mountain. They radiate love. You'd frighten anyone with your rigidity. Relax." I did, and Father began to outline the qualities needed for a contemplative vocation. He spoke at length of a love for silence and in-

terior prayer. He spoke at equal length of a sense of humor.

Many persons feel that if a girl has a sense of humor, she had better leave it at the enclosure door. Actually, a sense of humor is vitally important in the cloister. Without it, the enclosure can easily become a spiritual hothouse where every trifle marks a crisis, and pettiness grows into a cult.

The term "sense of humor" has lost much of its significance in these tortured times of ours. It is often thought to be a matter of telling jokes and laughing at them. In point of fact, it is a thing rooted in the divine, for a real sense of humor is what balances the mysteries of joy and sorrow. Without it, we can never hold a true perspective on ourselves or on others.

The saints are the true humorists. The ability to see *through* things and to know what is important and what is not, what is to be endured and why we endure it, what is to be tolerated out of compassion and what is to be given up out of duty, is dependent upon one's sense of humor.

A group of dour females with their jaws set grimly for "perfection" would turn a cloister into a psychopathic ward. The gay, high-spirited girl with a feeling for the splendid sense of things and the delicious nonsense of things is the one most likely to persevere in a Religious Order.

Months later, when I said good-

by to Father before leaving for the monastery, he gave me a Sacred Heart badge he had worn, and this brave counsel, "When you sit on a chair, let the chair hold you." He added, meditatively, "I wish you were 30 pounds heavier—but never mind, just don't lose your funny bone."

Equally preposterous is the idea that the cloister is some sort of female "Foreign Legion." Girls do not enter cloisters to forget the world, but to remember it always in every smallest sacrifice, prayer, and penance. Least of all do they enter to forget their disappointments in love. Just the thought of a score of lovelorn maidens, locked in an enclosure and sighing their way to sanctity, is ridiculous.

The love of God is the strongest driving force on earth. Thousands upon thousands have given up their lives simply because they loved Him so much that breath and heart-beat became inconsequential by comparison. Such young girls have walked into cloisters and never walked out of them because their youth and liberty were the very least to give the One they loved so much.

God's love is not something which catches girls "on the rebound." He is not the second choice of cloistered nuns. Anyone who wants visual proof of all this need only come to an investiture ceremony. Let him see a young, radiant girl leave the cloister in satin bridal

gown and crisp white veil, and re-enter it, after the Mass, to be garbed in the simple gray habit and knotted cord of a Poor Clare. He will be convinced that hers is a case of *first* love.

The contemplative life is full, joyous, beautiful, but not easy. Nothing makes us laugh more than those romantic pictures of some "contemplative" strolling in a garden at sundown or gazing dreamily up at the trees. This is not to say that we do not walk in our lovely garden on Sundays and feast days (working in it on other days!) or that we never look up at the trees. It is only that such pictures are always conjured up by those who think that the contemplative life consists of leisurely hours in the choir followed by a stroll in the garden (and perhaps a spot of embroidery) just to keep fit.

The truth is, the Poor Clare not glad to make her tired way to the dormitory after evening Compline is the Poor Clare not yet born. Her day begins before 2 A.M., and its chants and prayers are punctuated with gardening, sewing, sweeping and scrubbing, washing and ironing, singing and study, typing and painting—among other things. It is no nest for the shiftless.

And then: the social misfit. This is perhaps the concept of the contemplative most commonly held by those who do not understand anything about the Religious life. A girl not fit for the world is certainly

not fit for the cloister. The girl who goes to the enclosure to "get away from it all" will most likely be shown to the exit very shortly. There is no room in cloisters for souls of less than universal capacities.

But suppose a girl has the qualities requisite for the enclosure? What is the real point of it all? Why, asks the world, why? If women want to lead consecrated lives, there are hospitals crying for Religious nurses. There are thousands of children green for that cultural, intellectual, and spiritual ripening which only a Religious teacher can bring to fruition. There are slums waiting for the clean breath of consecrated love. There are heathens abroad and sophisticated pagans at home.

St. Francis' Second Order of enclosed nuns was an ornament of medievalism; to many, it seems about as appropriate in the 20th century as breastplates on motormen or halberds in the hands of policemen. Yet, each year, the dream of St. Francis and St. Clare beats its wings against the hearts of American college girls and stenographers, salesgirls and beauticians, nurses and private secretaries.

Most persons in the world are quite ready to applaud those who serve God in his members. But many are perplexed, even outraged, at those who choose to serve God in himself. The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ has come of age

in our generation. Yet it is still often considered deplorable that clear-eyed, warm-hearted girls believe in that doctrine to the extent of placing themselves in the bondage of the cloister.

But where is there a more essentially practical Christian than the girl who rises in the night to pray for those who do not pray; who performs with joy a whole lifetime of penances for those who sin and do no penance; who chooses the obscurity of the first 30 years of Christ's life rather than the activity of the final three; who elects to dwell with our Lady in a cloud of silence and at the immediate beck and call of her Lord? May no one wait on Him directly? It is a glorious thing to work for God and thus to be his. It is likewise glorious just to be his.

It is only in surrendering all things that we own everything. It is only by leaving the world that we are sufficiently purified to take the whole world to our hearts. The unique vocation of the cloistered contemplative is to be entirely dedicated to the service of mankind because she is utterly given to God. Because her every breath and action are directed, without any intermediary activity, to the most holy Trinity, she can be more perfectly attuned to the vast hum of creation, to the song of its joy and the groan of its anguish.

The genuine contemplative is called to be the mother of all the

world. Her enclosed, virginal life is fecund with blessings for humanity. If she tries to make the cloister a narrow corridor in which her own spiritual interests constantly march in procession, she will not persevere. Or, if she does remain in the enclosure, she will be a cross to her abbess and a scandal to her Sisters, possibly a scandal to the world.

From outside the wall, the regulations concerning enclosure may seem overdrawn. We speak at the parlor grille only to our relatives three times a year, or to priests; to others, only for some extraordinary reason. We are not usually permitted to see our friends unless they come in the company of our relatives.

No one is ordinarily permitted for any reason to enter the enclosure even for a minute. When someone does lawfully enter, such as the doctor or dentist, plumber or electrician, he is accompanied by the portress, and the rest of the nuns must remain out of sight. We partially veil our faces at the grille in the parlor and the church. We build a high wall around the enclosure garden so that we may never be seen from outside. If, for any reason such as a surgical operation or X rays, we must leave the enclosure, we must get a written dispensation from the archbishop.

To speak for myself, enclosure has given me the fulfillment of what I had thought it must necessarily abort. "I like to dance and I

like to sing," I had told the Jesuit priest at the university, and added that I was prepared to surrender such joys for God only. And at that very moment, God saw my bare feet dancing around the rude manger. Sister Dolores was fashioning from odd pieces of discarded lumber with the help of a tool kit donated by an unsuspecting benefactor. (Unsuspecting, because he knew so little about nuns as to suppose that when he asked Mother Abbess to suggest a gift—"something you really want for yourself; some little feminine extravagance you would not otherwise enjoy"—he would be solicited for pretty handkerchiefs or perhaps a sheer wool shawl. He must have bought the tool kit and hand drill with mixed emotions!)

And here am I, each Christmas devising a new ballet for eager postulants and novices who understand that if anyone in the world should dance at Christmas, contemplatives should! Sing? The Franciscan Order was born with a song, and Franciscans have been singing ever since. Books? Often, when I am working in the library, I ask in my heart, "My dear Lord, is there nothing at all I can surrender to You?" For He made me the librarian. Just as He had me learn French years ago, so that when the Roswell Community would accept a novice from a Poor Clare monastery in France into its own novitiate, I would be able to teach her English. "I like to teach, Father," I

had told my Jesuit spiritual adviser.

In one way or another, all of us find ourselves fulfilled in the enclosure. In this very fulfillment, the contemplative discharges her obligation to society. And just as the vow of enclosure enlarges the heart of a nun to gather all of suffering, sinning mankind into it, so does it immeasurably increase her tenderness toward her spiritual Sisters.

When Sister Monica's parents made the long trip from Canada for her profession ceremony, each nun worried over mama's weak health on such a long trip, and each one beamed when her prayers were answered by a safe and happy journey. Sister Paula's young friend

died in childbirth, and hers were not the only tear-filled eyes. As I write this, it is being read to the other nuns by Mother Abbess at recreation, simply because it is everybody's business.

It is sometimes said that St. Clare was a missionary at heart and became a cloistered contemplative only because that was the only kind of Religious life for women known in her day. St. Clare did indeed have a missionary heart. That is why she entered the cloister, to be a missionary to *all* the world! The enclosed life, the most ancient form of Religious life for women, will always be the most modern, and most truly missionary life.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish one cold morning last winter, Sister was telling the children the life of St. Francis de Sales. The children were puzzled by the saint's hair shirt, so Sister tried to explain it. Then one of the boys began to wave his hand excitedly.

"Yes," said Sister.

"My father wears one of those," stated the lad proudly.

"Are you sure?" Sister asked, her mind full of stories of modern-day mystics. "Why don't you ask your father about it, and tell the class tomorrow?"

The next day the boy announced, "Daddy says it's not really a hair shirt, Sister. It's long underwear."

Sister Carol Anne.



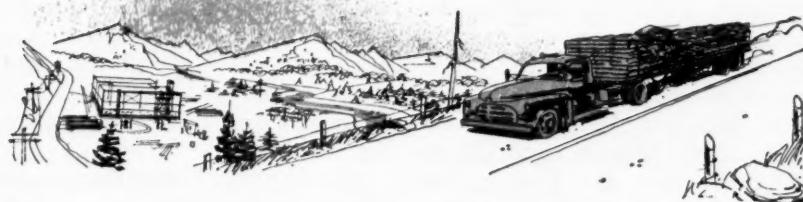
In our parish, overweight Billy wears size ten trousers. He registered for his first day of school a bit confused by this.

"How old are you, Billy?" Sister asked.

"My tummy is ten," he replied, "but the rest of me is six." Alvina Pesco.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Edward A. Harrigan
Condensed from "Columbia"*



University in the Midnight Sun

*A dedicated Jesuit is building
a new civilization in Alaska*

I HEARD THE CLICK of a light switch; the fall of a heavy foot trying to tread lightly on the ladder-steep stairs leading to my bedroom; and then a voice inquiring softly, "Are you asleep yet, Ed?" My room was half the upper floor of the Jesuit residence in Anchorage, Alaska; the voice was that of Father John Buchanan, S.J., who had just come home from a full evening's work.

This Father Buchanan: he is the priest who is building a Catholic University of Alaska and a new civilization in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Throughout Alaska, over the length of the 1,500-mile Alaska Highway, and down "Stateside," he is known as the "Pack Rat Priest." The name, it is said, was given him because of a habit of taking things not nailed down. But it is a mis-

nomer: pack rats steal, whereas Father Buchanan persuades people to give him supplies for the wilderness school he is building for Alaskan Indians and Eskimos.

Persuades? Rather, he merely tells people what he needs. Be it a day's labor, 20 tons of cement—or the truck to haul it on, he gets it. You see, he is building his \$5 million university without money. Thus far, he has collected about \$2 million of materials and equipment. The school opened this fall with about 30 students; when finished it will accommodate 200. And the room will be needed. Already, Indian and Eskimo parents are begging Father Buchanan to receive their children in numbers far beyond his ability to accept them; and white parents, both Catholic and non-Catholic, are adding their pleas.

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. November, 1956. © 1956, and reprinted with permission.

The university, for the present known as the Copper Valley School Project, is about 200 miles east of Anchorage. It is on a 640-acre tract located in a V where the milky waters of the glacier-fed Tazlina river rush into the burnished expanse of the Copper river. Off to the east, across the Copper, the snow-capped Wrangell mountains rear their peaks up to three miles high.

If you were to hover in a helicopter over the primitive campus you would see below you the outline of a rimless wheel, containing five of an ultimate seven spokes. The hub is a circular recreation area, 150 feet in diameter. From this area fan out the spokes: buildings and the poured-concrete foundations of buildings. All are oblong, and are or will be of cement-block construction except one, a completed frame structure with an end wing giving it the shape of a T. Besides the frame unit, two others are under roof, the foundations are ready for two more, and two are still only architect's drawings.

When completed, the university will comprise a chapel and a gymnasium, both yet to be started, and a boys' and Fathers' dormitory, girls' dormitory, Sisters' residence, kitchen and dining-room building, and a classroom building. It will have about 60,000 square feet of floor space. The central recreation area will be blacktopped and roofed over, eventually, for year-

round use. For if Alaska is the Land of the Midnight Sun in summer, in winter it is the Land of Perpetual Darkness, where car headlights are used all day, and temperatures hit 60° below, and blizzards come howling down from the North Pole.

Shortly before Father Buchanan's near-midnight arrival at my bedroom door, I had pulled down the shade in deference to the brief sub-Arctic early-August night, and was already in bed. As he came in, I propped myself up on an elbow, and we talked and talked: about the school I had driven almost 4,000 miles to see with my own eyes; about his quest for materials; about the people he was building for and the people who were helping him build; about the ways of Providence and the rewards God is giving to people of good will. At length, I was sitting in my pajamas on the edge of the bed, bare feet on the floor. He, in the khaki shirt and pants he usually wears, sat on an adjoining cot.

Up to now, Holy Cross mission on the Yukon river has been Jesuit headquarters in Alaska. From there, the faith was planted firmly on the Yukon. But the vagaries of the wandering stream itself and the advent of the white man brought changes. At Holy Cross, the river cut into the grounds, and the spring breakup would cover them with grinding ice. It reached for even the wooden buildings themselves.

Fuel grew scarce in the vicinity.

Then the Yukon tried a new tactic. It formed a sand bar that cut the mission away from the river. Steamers found it harder and harder to bring in supplies. Cost of operating Holy Cross doubled, and redoubled.

Up in Fairbanks, Bishop Francis D. Gleason, S.J., vicar apostolic of (Northern) Alaska, was worried. He called a meeting of nine men of his Order: officials of the Oregon province, which staffs the Alaska mission; veteran missionaries, including Father James Spils, famed for his mission-station building and now in charge of construction at Copper Valley; and Father Buchanan. Sadly, they reached a decision: Holy Cross would have to be closed, as a boarding school, that is. It would continue with reduced staff as a day school.

At this point, the eyes of the bishop and his consultors began turning toward Father Buchanan. Here was a young priest with ideas, who had already built four chapels and was starting a school; a missionary with the spirit of adventure in him; an energy that carries him through three days and nights without sleep; the physique of a halfback (which he was at Gonzaga High in Spokane); an enthusiasm that infects everyone he meets; and a man with a host of generous friends.

Forty-year-old Father Buchanan acquired a taste for Alaska while a

novice at Holy Cross. When completing his studies in 1948, he volunteered for the Alaska missions. He was ordained in 1949, came back to Alaska, and presented himself to Bishop Gleason.

If he had any romantic ideas about living in an igloo, eating fish speared through a hole in the ice, and spending the rest of his life working with the Eskimos (which he says he had), he was speedily disillusioned. The bishop got out a map, assigned him to a parish of 74,000 square miles of bleak southeastern Alaska among the Indians. He had a parish once and a half times as large as his native state of Washington. The bishop handed him \$5, and told him to count his people and go to work.

Father Buchanan still hasn't got around to counting his parishioners. But he did make a survey, and found 17 Indian villages in his district, an area which seldom knew the presence of a white man until the opening of the Alaska Highway. One thing was plain: he'd have to have chapels. He settled on Tok Junction (pronounce it "Toke") for his first. Tok is at Milepost 1314 on the highway, 93 miles in from the Yukon Territory border, and has the U.S. customs office as its main excuse for being.

The new missionary found Protestants of the community as enthusiastic as himself over the prospect of a permanent church in their

midst. They arranged a basket social, and made \$700 for the new church, the largest amount ever raised at such an event there. Three Protestant women helped peel logs for the chapel, which when completed was placed under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary. Then the intrepid young missioner built three other chapels, spaced roughly 100 miles apart.

Now, Father Buchanan began to wonder. Chapels were needed, sure; without them, the native people would never learn about God and Redemption. But, he mused, chapels are not enough.

The white man was in Alaska, and was there to stay. Father Buchanan's Indians and the Eskimos over on the coast could not compete with the white men and survive. The salmon runs were diminishing. Hunting and trapping—yes, but fur prices were going down, and protective game laws forbade the taking of the most valuable pelts, while the cost of necessities was steadily climbing. More and more Eskimos and Indians were deserting their villages for Nome, Anchorage, Fairbanks. But they were unskilled, and found job opportunities few. They were unacquainted with the ways of white men, and found it hard to live among them. They would have to be trained to take their places alongside their white brothers.

And, anyhow, their own way of life Mothers and children

suffered in the savage bush. Babies were born, and many died.

Yes, Father Buchanan saw, nothing less than a new civilization was needed. That meant schools. The Indians tipped him off to a good site for one, in the Copper River valley, down beyond famous Matanuska: level land, high above the flood-danger line; wooded; gravel and sand at hand for cement work; no permafrost; a summer climate in which Father Spils has since demonstrated that vegetables can be raised.

Could Bishop Gleason help with finance or personnel? The bishop was sorry; he could not.

Father Buchanan went to Washington, D.C. He laid his plans before the Department of the Interior. He was given 640 acres, and hopes for additional acreage which will extend the present grant to a hard-surfaced highway.

On the way back, he stopped off at Sandpoint, Idaho. He called on Jim and Larry Brown, former classmates at Gonzaga High, who run the Pack River Lumber Co. They had already donated 100,000 feet of lumber to Father Buchanan, and a 3½-ton truck with which he had himself wrestled 11-ton loads, again and again, over the punishing Alaska Highway. He earned the respect of men handling \$50,000 diesel rigs; and the Teamsters' union at Anchorage gave him \$1,000.

Now he asked the Browns for more lumber, and got it. Alaska Freight Lines heard about him and

his work for God's children in Alaska. "Take your stuff to Seattle, and we'll barge it up, FOB Anchorage, Seward, or Valdez," they told him. In 14 days the indomitable priest rolled seven loads the 400 miles from Sandpoint over the Cascade mountains to Seattle. He made his trips in eight hours, empty; in 16 hours, loaded. His eyelids turned to lead; but back on the Copper river his volunteer carpenter, Mike Lyschinsky, was yelling for materials.

Midway on his return trip for his eighth load, Father Buchanan's weariness lifted. Other truckers had been talking, and the word got to the higher-ups. In Spokane, the priest joyfully received the good news, from United Freight Lines and Humphrey Freight, "Quit your trucking, and let us do it for you, for free."

Brother George Feltes (first Jesuit to fly a plane and one of the earliest of the famous Alaskan bush pilots) came down from Holy Cross to Anchorage to help with the unloading and reloading and the trucking of the materials to the school site, 200 miles east, over steep and winding mountain roads—paved, fortunately, which the Alaska Highway outside of Alaska is not. Brother Feltes is a mechanic, and he helps keep the Jesuits' trucks in repair; he also takes care of the residence in Anchorage, and cooks; and collects military surplus materials and supplies for the school.

Mike Lyschinsky's appearance on the scene was providential. The Polish carpenter came down from Fairbanks, and donated a year, 18 hours a day for long periods, pouring foundations and framing. He sold his rifles to keep eating.

It was at this stage that Bishop Gleason found he had to close Holy Cross boarding school and to lay upon Father Buchanan the added burden of greatly enlarging his dream school, originally intended for the Copper Valley area only.

Back "outside" came the Blackrobe—who is rarely seen wearing one. He visited Ned Abrams, a Jewish architect in Sunnyvale, Calif. Mr. Abrams drew the plans for the extensive project, at Father Buchanan's usual rates: gratis.

On successive expeditions, he received cement, mixers, cement blocks, block machines, trucks, bulldozers, pipe and plumbing, reinforcing steel, tools, more lumber, equipment, supplies and services from a host of friends and big companies: a complete list would look like the index to *Moody's Manual*. Big business does have a heart!

On one trip through the states, Father Buchanan stopped off in Detroit. He was introduced to Al Long, a Ford dealer in North Detroit. They became fast friends, and Father Buchanan drove off with a brand new truck. Mr. Long, by the way, is not a Catholic.

Alaska Freight Lines have already donated more than \$180,000

of hauling service. Alaska Airlines flew the children involved in the 400-mile transfer this fall from Holy Cross to Copper Valley.

Procuring materials for the university-to-be, trucking them to the site, and supervising actual construction grew into a job too big for even a Father Buchanan to handle. He made some 50 plane trips Stateside in three years; he travels about 150,000 miles a year. So Father Spils was appointed to take care of actual construction. Experts are amazed at the way he keeps the project going, with a labor force varying from half a dozen workers during the week to perhaps 30 or more volunteers over week ends, and with supplies coming in as they can be procured rather than in the order needed, as on ordinary construction jobs.

When I paid my visit to the school, I found an assorted force present, engaged in various tasks in kitchen, laundry, yard, and buildings. My first glimpse of Father Spils himself was on the business end of a level, on a sewer-laying project. There was George Sipery, cook, and his wife Alice, and George's brother Anthony and his wife Rita and their children Simeon and Elizabeth, Eskimos down from St. Mary's on the Yukon. Henry Kobuk was another Eskimo, from St. Michael's, on the Bering sea. Frank Bell, from nearby Copper Center; Art Pitka, of Nulato; Daniel John, of Fort Yukon

—Indians, handling cement blocks, digging trenches, mixing concrete.

Steve Jankowski was threading pipe; he had come from Worcester, Mass., for a year's service. Dick Spils, Father Spils' nephew; Mel Kays, Dick's schoolmate at Gonzaga university; Tim Bordwell, of Gonzaga High; and Bill Anderson, of Phoenix, Ariz., were up for the summer. Jack Wheeler and his wife Irene were there from New York. This crew was augmented over the week end, when I visited the project again, by 20 brisk Holy Name men from Elmendorf Air Base at Anchorage.

"Other people are worried that we won't be ready to open this fall," Father Buchanan had told me during my bedside interview. "I'm not worried." His faith was being fulfilled before my eyes. Rivers of cement were pouring into floor forms; blocks were slipping into walls so rapidly that I could already visualize students at desks within.

Thus is Father Buchanan's incredible university coming into being. "I'm not worried," he had said. "If I sometimes do find myself feeling a little low, I look up at those mountains around us, and I tell myself, 'Who am I to worry? If He who could make these mountains wants this school He will see that it gets built.'"

It is this faith that inspires bank presidents, corporation executives, technicians and common laborers

and professional people—everybody he meets, to do all in their power for this North Star padre. It was the example of this faith that made Earl Craig serve as a volunteer truck driver on furloughs from Elmendorf over a period of two years, and made him and Mrs. Craig and group of eager longshoremen undertake to convert a room in the Anchorage Jesuit residence into a beautiful chapel. The Craigs were non-Catholics, but Mrs. Craig became a Catholic last Easter.

It was the example of Father Buchanan's confidence that caused Carl Petersen to make five 100-mile trips from the battered Valdez docks to the project. The hauls were over cloud-shrouded mountain passes that I myself found so steep as to require low gear both up and down for an ordinary car.

Carl, who lived with his family of five children at Tok Junction, drove a 1935 1½-ton truck. He had his hands full making ends meet, but he gave Father Buchanan \$1,500 worth of hauling service. The grateful priest, knowing his circumstances, tried to pay him what he could afford.

Almost angrily, Carl refused. "Do you think you are the only one who believes there is Someone up there?"

It was this same faith in a God who sees every act of charity that influenced a large West Coast corporation president, a highly placed man in his own non-Catholic de-

nomination. He berated the Church and the Freemasons in the same breath, and then made a large donation of urgently needed materials when Father Buchanan retorted, "I don't like the color of your socks, either; but here is what I need for our Alaskan natives . . . They're people, too, you know." The corporation president has become a Catholic.

It was the infectious faith of Father Buchanan, transmitted by Sister George Edmund on a trip east, that caused five girls, college graduates, to volunteer for a year's teaching at the new school without pay. Two of the volunteer teachers are Margaret Mannix and Mary Ann Kent, of Boston, both June graduates of Weston college, Weston, Mass. They came up to Alaska early in the summer.

The other three are graduates of Anna Maria college, Paxton, Mass.: Shirley Ann Richard, Springfield, Mass.; Rosemary Bobka, Clinton, Mass.; and Jacqueline Langlorias, Worcester, Mass. Father Buchanan intercepted the three on their way to Alaska, to soften their transition from high civilization to the primitive frontier. Bunk beds and sleeping bags had been prepared for them in the rear room of the Glenallen chapel, but the discerning priest had them stay in Seattle a little longer, until quarters could be readied for them at the school itself. They will serve with four Sisters of St. Ann under Sister

George Edmund, who was superior of Holy Cross for five years.

So you see it is not all take and no give with Father Buchanan. Another instance of his proving a friend in need, indeed, was when a large Alaskan transport firm found itself with a rush of business beyond the capacity of its own fleet to handle. Father Buchanan loaned the management his trucks in the crisis. He got his trucks back serviced, and with gasoline tanks filled. (By the way, gas and oil are items he needs more of—one truck alone has a 300-gallon tank, and gulps fuel in frightening quantities.)

The founder of the Catholic University of Alaska is enthusiastically grateful for the millions of dollars of materials which pour in from non-Catholic sources. He regards the flood of aid as a tremendous demonstration of rock-bottom charity that is pleasing to God. And if the true faith is a reward for real charity, then God seems to be rewarding this multitude of charitable acts.

Time and again, Father Buchanan told me, as I sat with him wiggling my toes under the North Star, he has found himself providentially at the deathbed, in hospital or at the scene of a highway accident, of a non-Catholic, pleading for the last rites of the Church.

"But you're not a Catholic . . .," Father would argue.

"But, Father, I'm dying!" the victim would cry.

"Hasn't someone called a minister of your own faith?"

"No, no, Father. Can't you see? I'm dying!"

Whereupon Father Buchanan does all he can for them, even to the point of receiving them into the Church.

Thus, then, is a priest with a great faith, and hundreds of people, humble and highly placed, but all with hearts overflowing with love, inaugurating a new epoch of light in the land of the Northern Lights. Indian and Eskimo boys and girls will be brought from all parts of Alaska, to learn English and to read and write it, to use tools and machines, to eat cooked food and to cook it, and to use knives and forks—in short, to become an integral part of the community.

At first, teaching will be only at grade-school level. Then, as qualified scholars appear, high-school courses will be added. Eventually, will come college, to prepare native doctors, nurses, social workers, lawyers, statesmen, other specialists, and God willing, priests and Sisters, to serve their own people. And they will appear, for, I was told, the children of the forests and the snow-swept tundra are eager to learn, and are as apt as their white brothers and sisters.

Father Buchanan even has on his drawing board plans for a stadium and track, and in the back of his mind a football team that may someday meet Notre Dame!

The Busiest Priest in Your Diocese

*Your ordinary has
an extraordinary job*

HELEN WAS TELLING her friend about an incident which had happened while she and her husband were dining out. "I said to my Joe I was certain that the priest a few tables away was Bishop Jones. He wore a ring, and that's how I knew. Then know-it-all Joe bets me a dollar that the gold chain the bishop was wearing across his vest was for a watch, but I told him my grandfather wore one just like it with a little gold knife."

"Well for heaven's sake, Helen," her friend replied, "why didn't you just go up and ask him?"

"Me? Oh, Rose, I couldn't! You just don't prance up to a bishop and talk to him!"

Helen's remark typifies the way many Catholics think of their bishops: as ivory-tower inhabitants, beyond the reach of the man in the street.

You may see your bishop only on rare occasions—perhaps at a Confirmation or graduation—and it is easy to think of him as an ecclesiastical fashion plate surrounded by a bodyguard of stern-faced priests. But he is basically the same bishop

as those who lived and walked with their people in the days of the Apostles.

True, the duties of your bishop apparently differ from those of Apostolic times, but the difference is only superficial. Bishops in the early Church were not burdened with complex finances, hundreds of thousands of souls to care for, voluminous correspondence, and many appointments each day. Growth in anything involves additional obligations and responsibility. It is a tribute to the growth of the Church that your bishop must devote so much time to administrative matters.

Despite the pressures of his office work, your bishop often finds ways to keep up his ordinary priestly duties, sometimes in ways that amaze his ordinary priests. A priest



at one cathedral, instructing an 18-year-old soda-fountain waitress, was delighted with the thoroughness with which she was learning her catechism. Then one evening he came down the rectory stairs to find her chatting amiably with the bishop.

"Do you know who that was?" the priest asked the waitress after the bishop had left them.

"Oh, yes," she answered gaily. "He's the priest who likes malted milks. He comes into the drugstore every day to help me with my catechism. I didn't know he lived here, too."

No matter how busy your bishop might be with investments, appointments, marriage boards, and parish visitations, his fundamental role is to teach, to rule, and to sanctify. He is the guardian of every soul in his territory, and this threefold power is his primary function.

Scripture shows that his threefold power is divine and goes back to the Apostles. "All power in heaven and earth has been given to Me. Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world" (Matthew 28, 18-20). As bishops, the Apostles appointed other bishops, and Christ could hardly have meant that the power He gave them would cease with

St. John, the last of the Apostles to die.

Non-Catholics are mystified by the custom of kissing a bishop's ring, but the act is no more complicated than tipping your hat or saluting your colonel. Catholics do not kneel and kiss the ring to humiliate themselves, but to express their reverence for and obedience to the high office which their bishop holds. The ring is a symbol of the bishop's authority.

The insignia worn by a bishop have a long tradition in the Church. Some of the vestments are as "modern" as the 5th century. (Bishopshy Helen would have discovered, if she had asked Bishop Jones, that the gold chain across his vest held neither a watch nor a penknife but his pectoral cross.) The bishop's crozier, a staff developed from the common gnarled shepherd's stick, symbolizes the pastoral love a bishop bears for his flock.

It rubs some people the wrong way to see a man dressed in a blaze of brilliant red and gleaming ermine. But all of this display is not the personal wish of your bishop. He is in a very real sense a prince in the eyes of the Church, and one of the most respected leaders in your community. The academic caps and gowns of professors are accepted as part of their dignity and office. The clothing of a bishop, no matter how rich and regal, is nothing more.

Anyone who has attended a ponti-

fical ceremony must sympathize with the long ritual accompanying a bishop's vesting. I, for one, marvel at the patience bishops display as layer after layer of vestments are put on. There is no exception, even in hot weather, and for weeks at a stretch it can be a daily affair. Once at the altar, the bishop is involved in rituals that often run as long as three hours. If being the celebrant at pontifical functions was all your bishop had to do, it would still be a heavy task for an elderly man. But the role is, again, only one of many for the "high priest" of the diocese.

Often the titles assigned our prelates seem a hopeless maze of confusion. People ask if Bishop Brown, who is the auxiliary bishop of a diocese, will assume control when the ordinary (the canonical title of a ruling bishop) dies.

It could happen, but as an auxiliary, a bishop has no strict right of succession any more than the assistant in your parish would have a right to succeed the pastor. An auxiliary is an assistant who helps the ordinary in confirming, ordaining, and other assigned duties. He does not participate in the actual administration of a diocese. A coadjutor bishop is much the same as an auxiliary except that he does take part in the administration of the diocese and usually has the right of succession.

Since every bishop must have a diocese and it is impossible for auxiliaries and coadjutors to rule

the same diocese as their ordinary, the Church assigns them a titular see, one which was once active but is now a diocese in name only. Most of these dioceses were once thriving Christian communities in Africa and Asia Minor which were overrun by Moslem invaders in the early Middle Ages.

Every ruling bishop has one and the same superior, the Holy Father. No archbishop, not even a cardinal, has authority over the ordinary of another diocese except in rare and limited circumstances. Only your bishop and the Pope rule your diocese.

Your bishop can, and often does, make local laws for his territory, and you are bound to obey him just as the early Christians obeyed the Apostles.

The Church is sometimes accused of not being truly universal because Catholics in Diocese A are dispensed from a law, such as fasting, for instance, while those in Diocese B are not. But because a bishop is absolute in his territory, he may dispense from certain human laws of the Church if he has received papal permission to do so. One bishop forbids a particular movie to all Catholics in his jurisdiction while his neighboring prelate says nothing. Whom do you obey? Your bishop; he is meeting the particular needs of your diocese.

Supervising diocesan finances is perhaps one of your bishop's most grueling jobs. He is the chairman

of the board of each parish and is responsible for the proper administration of its funds. He must approve all expenditures over a fixed amount, and when a bishop has, say, 600 parishes this work can be overwhelming. He must be a prudent businessman, and consult qualified investment advisers to handle the often large sums under his control. Any corporation executive will tell you that such a responsibility is a full-time job. Yet your bishop does it as a matter of routine, balancing his books along with the threefold power of his office.

The ordinary of a sprawling western diocese returned home after three weeks of traveling. He had visited numerous parishes in remote places, confirmed hundreds of people, and listened to the problems of hundreds more. Everywhere he went the local ladies outdid themselves cooking for him, fussed over him, and generally left him precious little time for himself (all occupational hazards of a bishop). As he got out of his car in front of his residence he abandoned episcopal dignity and sat on the lawn. "John," he said to his hired man, "your bishop is so exhausted he doesn't know how he will ever make it inside. And if I see another piece of chicken for three months I'll excommunicate the cook!"

The incident speaks for itself. It is repeated in every diocese in America. There are certain duties and powers that your bishop can-

not delegate, and, whether he is tired or not, his duties go on as long as he does.

We often complain bitterly when our schedule keeps us jumping a few days and nights in a row. But when you see your bishop at a civic dinner he may have just arrived from two Confirmations, a church dedication, and the silver jubilee of a local priest. Perhaps, having stayed up all night doing his paper work, he has said his Mass and is on the road for a 200-mile business trip before we are out of bed. Often when a priest of his diocese dies, the bishop says the requiem Mass, adjusting his appointments along the way, trying to meet a schedule which cannot be postponed.

The press of duty might prevent your bishop from knowing individuals intimately, but in his role of pastor he seizes every opportunity to meet the people entrusted to his care. The sole recreation of some prelates is a long walk so they can talk to their people. At least one bishop rides streetcars and buses as often as he rides his chauffeur-driven car. He gets to talk to people that way, and to become his own diocesan Bureau of Catholic Charities. His department-store charge account lists all manner of strange items: washing machines, layettes, baby carriages, clothes, mattresses. One of America's most beloved bishops personally serves the Christmas dinner at an old people's home. A bishop is fully aware that he has

been born "not to be served, but to serve."

Elevation does not diminish your bishop's priestly duties but rather increases them. He still says his daily Mass, Rosary, and Office, and makes his weekly Confession. One beloved midwestern prelate can be found each noon in his cathedral making the Way of the Cross. People often approach him for Confession, and he never refuses because a priest never refuses. Another bishop makes a Holy Hour each day despite the press of all his functions. These are not devices to impress the clergy and laity but expressions of the spiritual life of every priest and prelate.

In short, your often lonely bishop enjoys the fullness of the priesthood. You ought not to regard him coldly because necessity makes him somewhat distant and unapproach-

able. Chances are that if you do have the opportunity to consult him you will be pleasantly surprised to find him kind, gentle, understanding, and as likable as your parish priest. Maybe even more so.

A certain four-year-old girl can vouch for this. One afternoon she met a real, live bishop, strolling past the house where she lived.

"What's your name?" the little girl asked.

"My name is John," the bishop said. "What's your name?"

"Dorothy."

The next Sunday there was a procession in the cathedral. As the bishop came down the center aisle in all his pontifical vestments, he met the little girl again.

"Hello, John," Dorothy said in a loud voice.

In a voice just as loud, the bishop replied, "Hello, Dorothy."



Minnows fleeing in orderly panic.
Elizabeth Enright

Sky as gray as a steel penny.
James Still

Prejudice: weighing the facts with your thumb on the scales. Alex Dreier
Tourniquet-type handshake.

Margaret Halsey

Lorgnette: sneer on a spear.

Mary C. Dorsey

Old turtle in a stony trance.

Elizabeth Enright

TV: family watching machine.

Leo Guild

A sound like eyebrows rising.

Craig Rice

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Anthony J. Wright
Condensed from "The Sign"*

Canada's Top Statesman

Louis St. Laurent's honesty is
a devastating political weapon

THE MOST POWERFUL man in Canada came out of the 11-o'clock high Mass at St. Joseph's church, Ottawa, and stopped to shake hands courteously with a five-year-old boy. Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, 74, is at his best with children. The boy he greeted was the son of one of his secretaries.

He leaned over the little chap, and asked, "Did your daddy tell you that we both work in the same office?"

After a little more pleasant banter of that kind, he walked down the street to where his black Chrysler waited. In earlier days, Mr. St. Laurent used to walk to church in fine weather. In fact, he walked almost everywhere from his midtown apartment. Now that the Canadian people have installed their chief minister in a splendid mansion on the riverbank a short distance out of town, the prime minister rides to church and work. But he often sits up front with the driver, ready to doff his hat if someone should recognize him.

The Right Honorable Louis Stephen St. Laurent is one of the great



men of our time, but he does not know it. He is at once a visionary and a practical, if reluctant, politician. In a land of two cultures he has made himself the darling of the French and the idol of the English. How? Simply by an almost devastating honesty. It is because he has such a contempt for empty show and political trickery that Canadians trust him.

When he kisses a baby, as he may often do next year at Canada's approaching election, if the Lord spares his health, it is because he really likes children. With two sons, three daughters, and 17 grandchildren of his own, there is not much he doesn't know about the delights of family life.

Much of Louis St. Laurent's ear-

*Monastery Place, Union City, N. J. June, 1956. © 1956 by the Passionist Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

lier life was spent around the pot-bellied stove in his father's country store at Compton, Quebec, hard by the Vermont border. Of his three sisters, one died; a second is a nun at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan; the third, Lora, is postmistress today at Compton. One of his brothers, Nil, became a priest, now is dead. The other, Jean Baptiste Maurice, 68, is boss of the family general store, still the center of village life; and Louis, to the folks around the wood-burning stove, is now M'sieu Louis.

Louis' father made him polish the globes of the kerosene lamps because the child's hands would fit where larger hands would not. The prime minister says he hated that job; he loathed sweeping the floor, too; but he enjoyed lugging wood to the store from the St. Laurents' woodshed.

From the start, Louis was able to weave into his character the two chief strands of the Canadian fabric. His father, to whom he spoke French, was Jean Baptiste Moise St. Laurent, of Three Rivers, Quebec. His mother was Mary Ann Brodrick, whose parents had come to Canada from Poppy Hill, County Galway. To his Irish-Canadian mother, young Louis spoke English.

On Sundays they all went to St. Thomas Aquinas church in Compton; and nights their mother made them say the Rosary in their dormitory bedroom, where they slept in iron beds.

St. Laurent first began to learn

seriously about life at St. Charles-Borromée seminary, a bilingual school at Sherbrooke, P.Q. In 1900, when Louis was 18, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, only other French-Canadian to be prime minister of Canada, was running for his second term. The school authorities forbade anyone to go out on election night. Louis arranged to have outsiders smuggle the returns in to him through a window.

He was a bright pupil, and went on to North America's oldest university, Laval, in Quebec City. There he studied law; and, so that he might attend sittings of the legislature in the provincial capital, got a part-time job on the *Sherbrooke Daily Record*.

The part-time reporter emerged from Laval with a law degree and the governor-general's medal for law. He could have gone on to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, but declined. Instead, he got a \$50-a-month job with the Quebec law firm of Louis Philippe Pelletier.

Louis St. Laurent married Jeanne Renault, a beautiful girl from Beauceville, P.Q., in 1908, and prepared to live happily ever after. Rewards soon began to come in; his salary mounted until it was in the \$50,000-a-year bracket. The boy from Compton became a "big shot," but still few Canadians had heard of him.

It might have continued like that if Ernest Lapointe, a great French-Canadian and a man on whom the

Liberals depended for delivery of the votes of Quebecers, had not died in 1941. Prime Minister William L. Mackenzie King, then completing the sixth continuous year of his second period of office, was a canny bachelor, English-speaking and non-Catholic. To be sure of a majority in Quebec, which accounts for 75 of the 265 seats in the Commons, he had to have a lieutenant whom Quebecers themselves would trust. On the way back to Ottawa he asked his minister for air, C. G. Power, one of the shrewdest men ever to enter Parliament, to suggest a man who might replace Lapointe as vote getter.

Power said that Louis St. Laurent was the only man for the job.

King hardly knew St. Laurent. He was surprised that Power should suggest a man not in politics. The next day, he phoned Louis and asked him to come to Ottawa. His proposition was that the Quebec lawyer should enter the Cabinet as minister of justice and attorney general. St. Laurent said that he would ask his wife. He did not wish to enter politics, but King had pleaded that the war emergency made it necessary to have the strongest possible Cabinet.

Before leaving Ottawa, Louis phoned his wife. "Jeanne, it looks bad; it looks as if we will have to come to live in Ottawa."

They discussed the request of Mackenzie King back in Quebec City, and decided that they must

leave their gracious home for the dull slavery of a government post. St. Laurent was 59, happy, wealthy. He was a man who liked reading comic books to grandchildren, playing bridge, and reading biographies. From provincial peace he was being asked to fill the Cabinet seat of a great Canadian, Ernest Lapointe.

The day he joined the Cabinet he returned to Quebec City to celebrate what was to him as important an event, the birth of another grandchild. The first big task was to win the seat of Lapointe, in Quebec East. This he did comfortably, even though his manner was stiff and he refused to pledge himself against conscription. He might have gained votes by supporting the Quebec sentiment against conscription; but St. Laurent, all through the war years, ignored cries that he was committing political suicide, spoke out for conscription, and voted for sending draftees to Europe. King soon saw that he had picked a winner. The "stopgap" could afford to be honest because he was not ambitious.

Until he became prime minister in November, 1948, St. Laurent learned government in two jobs, as minister of justice and as secretary of state for external affairs. It was he who followed up the evidence given the Justice department in 1945 by Igor Gouzenko, Soviet cipher clerk who fled the embassy with facts and documents which broke Soviet spy rings in Canada, the U. S., and Britain. Gouzenko

could find no one to hearken to his tale. An Ottawa news editor sent him packing, as a crank. Eventually, Gouzenko turned up before the courteous St. Laurent, a man trained to respect the slow legal processes.

The minister of justice lost no time. Giving the spies no chance to flee or to destroy evidence, he rounded up those mentioned in Gouzenko's documents, including one Canadian member of Parliament. It was the largest cleanup of Soviet spies ever carried out. Some were acquitted for lack of judicial proof, but several were jailed. The speed of the political novice had clipped the wings of a clever foe.

It was the same surefooted speed and sense of the needs of the time which have made St. Laurent at once a formidable party chief and a Commonwealth leader respected on both sides of the Atlantic. He and External Affairs Minister Lester B. Pearson had much to do with getting the North Atlantic Treaty organization breathing.

St. Laurent starts the day at 7:30, gets to his office in the East Block at nine, and plows steadily through correspondence, conferences, Parliamentary sessions, Cabinet or Privy Council meetings until seven or perhaps as late as ten o'clock, if Parliament is sitting.

During Lent, he varies his schedule by going to Mass some days at St. Joseph's and receiving Communion before starting the day's work.

There is nothing showy about his Catholicity; it is a steady force which helps him put everything into perspective.

His genuineness has caught the imagination of Canadians. His main aim has been to bind all the national strains together, to make his people see that they are Canadians, not French, Irish, English, or anything else. Suavely, and with great respect for Queen Elizabeth, whose chief Canadian minister he is, he has cut the last constitutional ties with Britain that imply any inferiority to that country. The word *dominion* has been forgotten; yet the two countries are as close in spirit as when Canada was a colony before 1867.

He has served brave notice on Quebec's Premier Maurice Duplessis that Quebecers will gain nothing by seeking to withdraw into a shell of narrow provincialism. Duplessis has built a powerful provincial machine on the thesis that everyone else, especially the federal government in Ottawa, is out to crush the French-Canadian spirit, religion, and language. St. Laurent, the great Quebec lawyer, stands up and says, "Piffle!"

At provincial elections, it is true, Quebec voters return Duplessis' Union Nationale candidates in droves, thrashing soundly the provincial Liberal party. But at national elections, the same voters turn around and give 65 out of 75 federal seats to St. Laurent's federal

Liberals and only a handful to the Conservatives whom Duplessis is supposed to favor. They know instinctively that, nationally considered, Louis St. Laurent is the man for Canada.

Two years ago the prime minister and his wife stood as godparents at the Baptism of a German immigrant who was putting in a year as a servant at the St. Laurents' home. They thought it the most natural thing in the world for a busy prime minister to do. There were no pictures, no news releases; the story came out only by chance.

Under St. Laurent's grace and sincerity there is a flinty determination to do a job. Although he is 74, Cabinet colleagues have urged him to stay on for the next election. Many believe he will lead the party in the 1957 campaign. Meanwhile, he himself is searching eagerly for some rising star who will capture the votes of the French-Canadians and keep Canada safe for the Liberal party.

One thing seems certain: it will be harder to replace St. Laurent than it was to find a man to fill the shoes of Ernest Lapointe in 1941.

ASK ME NO QUESTIONS

The pharmacist's mate was about to fingerprint a recruit from the backwoods. "Wash your hands," he said.

"Both of them?" asked the recruit.

The mate hesitated for just a moment. "No," he said grimly, "just one. I want to see how you do it."

Norris News (June '56).

*

Along a mountain road, a tourist stopped to ask directions from a native.

"Excuse me, sir," said the stranger. "Can you tell me where this road goes?"

"Well," said the hillbilly, "this road just moseys along a piece, then it turns into a hog trail, then a squirrel track, and finally runs up a scrub pine and ends in a knothole."

The Line (May '56).

*

Smallweed had been late for work for the fourth straight day, and the boss was furious.

"Can you give me one good reason why anybody should be late four days in a row?" the boss demanded.

Smallweed thought rapidly. "Yes," he said. "You have made me so conscientious about never watching the clock here at the office that I've lost the habit at home."

Blandin Broke Pile (May '56).

Babies Are Making U. S. Parents Wealthy

*Advocates of birth control are
really planning for poverty*

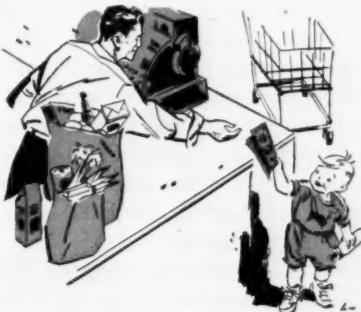
• SINCE YOU STARTED reading this article, a baby has been born. By this time tomorrow, your country will have 11,000 new Americans. By next month, a city the size of Syracuse will have been added to the strength of your nation.*

Babies! Babies by the carload! Since 1940, every three seconds of a working day a baby was born; a third of a million a month. In America today, there are almost 70% more children under five than in 1940. In fact, births have swelled our population by 50 million since 1940. These new citizens of 16 or under equal the present population of the British Isles. Never before has this country experienced such a fantastic snowballing of the population.

Accompanying the baby boom has been an unprecedented business boom. Is this a coincidence? Or is there some relationship between babies and business? Could babies be the cause of our present prosperity?

*Computed by the Advertising council from figures supplied by the National Office of Vital Statistics.

If so, some erstwhile economic theories need re-examination. In 1798, Malthus, "the gloomy parson," stated the first economic theory based on population. He said that the world's population was increasing too fast. The human race would finally run out of tillable land.



Disaster was inevitable, he said.

Francis Place, English tailor and labor leader, seconded Malthus. In his *Illustrations and Proofs of the Principles of Population*, published in 1822, he saw large families as a direct cause, not of prosperity, but of poverty.

In this country before the 1st World War, Margaret Sanger be-

gan advocating limitation of offspring to reduce poverty. Her supporters walked the streets with signs reading, "Poverty and Large Families Go Hand in Hand."

What about these theories now? What about large families? Consider the evidence.

"Babies," says the *U. S. News and World Report*, "go far to explain business prosperity." They are, it adds, the big reason why it continues. Those 50 million new customers have greatly expanded old markets, opened up new.

They have, for one thing, created an insatiable demand for new houses. "Housing is now close to a \$20-billion-a-year market," says *Fortune* magazine (February, 1954). It was about a third of that in 1940. "It promises to become larger still. And because new houses mean new furniture, appliances, stores, highways, schools, housebuilding is bound to play a portentous role in keeping the whole America economically prosperous."

Food is another big item. In the U. S., food has risen from an \$18-billion business in 1940 to a whopping \$70 billion in 1956. Frozen foods alone, which now include almost everything edible, have increased 2,000%. Baby foods are chalking up a \$200-million-a-year market. Babies' and children's accessories, such as clothing, swell the ante. Since 1940 we have spent 140% more for sports equipment and toys, 120% more for flowers and

seeds. Sales of radios, musical instruments, phonographs, and TV sets have increased 263%.

All of which seems to discredit the theory of limitation. To take care of just our present crop of over 3 million babies born in a year calls for a yearly expenditure of \$20 billion. And that's just the beginning: the amount spent on babies, not growing children.

If the trend to more babies continues, and indications point that way, it will guarantee record prosperity, says the Advertising council. By 1970, we would be spending \$31 billion a year on babies, not to mention amounts spent on older members of the family. "If today's youngsters come into the adult market when business activity is high, they will help create the greatest period of prosperity yet seen," says Frederick A. Kummer, plans director, Van Sant, Dugdale & Co., in *Printer's Ink*.

Which means a \$500-billion economy, concludes the Advertising council. Already industry has its sights on this figure. As you read this, leading companies are pouring millions of dollars into plant-expansion programs.

They realize that babies are just a start toward this goal. For more babies mean more marriages, and more marriages, more families. Ninety per cent of Americans now belong to families. Families with children are America's biggest buyers. We're adding new families to our nation

faster now than ever before. When yesterday's bumper crop of babies comes to altar age, there will be another spurt.

Today, young people look at marriage differently than they did 20 years ago. A larger proportion of our adult population is married than ever before. Of the 37 million married couples in 1953, more than half were married during the preceding 13 years, and they married younger. Now 30% of new mothers are 19 or slightly older; 15 years ago the youngest third of them were 20 to 24. Intervals between babies have also decreased.

Larger families are on the increase, too. In 1953, births of second children were 91% greater than they were in 1940; births of 3rd children, 86% greater; 4th children, 61% greater; and 5th children, more than 15% greater. Prof. William L. Wheaton, of the University of Pennsylvania, says that the number of large families will increase in the future.

Larger families mean larger houses, more bedrooms and baths, more household equipment; and the housing industry is gearing to this trend. The *Journal of Housing* (December, 1954) gives an example.

"Twelve years and seven children after a young Newport, R. I., couple moved into a small apartment in one of the city's low-rent public-housing projects, they left to move into their own ten-room house.

"The story of the Donald Bramans, their growing family, their even larger apartments, and their increased income, which resulted in the move to their own home, is also the story of how public housing performs a function unique in the housing field by making special provisions for—and welcoming—large families. The Bramans' one-bedroom apartment, which they went to as newlyweds, 'grew' as their family grew until, when they left the project, they were occupying a four-bedroom unit, largest in the development. And across the country, local housing authorities have been building for and admitting families with many children, meeting a need that few private builders are meeting."

Larger families are increasing the market for cars. Two-car families increased 22% in number in 1953; a gain of 28% is expected in 1956. Now approximately 5.7 million families have two or more cars.

Larger families have influenced sale of station wagons, according to auto manufacturers. Parents are finding that they need such vehicles to accommodate more kids as well as more odds and ends. Chevrolet's nine-passenger station wagon has been doing well since its spring, 1956, debut.

Recognizing the trend, companies are directing their advertising toward larger families. A Howard Johnson magazine ad depicted a family of three children eating ice

cream. A Cadillac ad showed a four-child family. Large family-size packaged foods, breakfast foods, soft drinks, are multiplying on supermarket shelves.

Of special significance is our changing attitude toward large families. Vassar alumni, queried by *Life* magazine, expressed preference for families of five and six. A poll conducted by the *Woman's Home Companion* in 1952 showed that, given a free choice, women overwhelmingly wanted many more children than they have. Even those with four would like five. A mere 3% preferred fewer. Only those with seven or more seemed satisfied.

Why do modern mothers want more children? For one thing, having children is safer, for both mother and baby. In 1928, 69 babies died out of each 1,000 live births. In 1953, or 25 years later, the nation set a new low record in infant mortality: 28 deaths per 1,000 live births. Reasons for this gain are better prenatal care, improved techniques of delivery, and the fact that 90% of all babies are brought into the world by physicians in hospitals.

Mothers want more children also because the drudgery has largely been taken out of caring for them. Foods already prepared; plastic, disposable feeding bottles; diaper service—these are just a few of the helps.

Another factor is dad's increased pay check. "Nine times more Americans were in the \$5,000-plus in-

come bracket in 1952 than in 1941," says the Advertising council. "Many more have moved up to the \$3,000-plus bracket. In 1941 the average middle-income family earned \$1,460. This figure has climbed to \$4,500. Buying power is now more than five times greater than in 1940. Even after discounting for inflation, this will buy more than twice as much."

Parents are finding more fun in family life and in larger families. One reason is the "togetherness" trend. Families are spending more of their leisure time together. This trend has also boosted our prosperity.

Witness the sport of boating. In 1947 some 2.4 million pleasure craft were in use in all American waters, including outboards and sailboats, according to the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers. By the end of 1955, that figure had more than doubled to 5.5 million. Even more pronounced was the number of people who enjoyed boating in 1955: some 25 million men, women, and children, roughly 15% of all Americans.

Boating is indicative of the general recreational habits of the American family since the end of the 2nd World War. Right after the war, the father of the family used his boat for fishing or sailing, usually taking with him another man or his son. Today, the whole family goes out together for fun in the family boat.

Then there are the family swim-

ming pools. These have increased from 2,500 in 1948 to 35,000 in 1956, according to *Swimming Pool Age*. Of the 56,000 pools in the U. S., public and family, 30,000 were built in 1956 at a cost of \$325 million. That this trend will increase is strongly indicated by the heavy demand from homeowners. New pool materials and methods of building are lowering the cost. A satisfactory pool can now be built for as little as \$1,500.

That family sports are on the up-swing is further indicated by the increased sale of family sporting goods, picnic equipment, garden games, and the like.

Even country clubs are making provisions for family accommodation. The Saucan Valley (Bethlehem, Pa.) club is an example. It has a six-hole golf course for youngsters and family groups. Free golf and tennis lessons are given the children. A separate club building is available for young people, with food service for birthday parties, teen dances, and other such uses. Sandboxes, swings, slides take care of the small fry.

Today the "leisure market" is estimated by *Tide* magazine as a \$30-billion plum. Twenty years ago, it didn't exist. What created it?

"More free time on the part of American families than ever before," says Otis Lee Weise, editor and publisher of *McCall's*, "a short work week, more paid holidays, longer vacations—about 93 leisure

days per year, more money to spend.

"A willingness to spend time and money together," he continued, "is the heart of the matter. For leisure is defined as the time when you aren't required to do something or be somewhere, and that's the time when families can be tempted apart—or drawn together.

"The facts are eloquent. 'Scotch coolers' once had a limited market as insulated buckets for people who fished or cut bait. But in the last three years, 3 million units have been sold to people with a penchant for picnics.

"In the 1930's there was not one shop selling hobby supplies. Today, there are more than 8,000. And as do-it-yourself turns into do-it-together, the market continues to grow.

"Commerce, however, is a consequence, not a cause of 'togetherness,'" he concluded. "For 'togetherness' is a truth of our times, a truth of people who live together, play together, pray together, and build together."

Where are the Malthusians now? Leading U. S. economists are in pretty general agreement that a continued increase in births and larger families will increase prosperity. By 1960, the since-the-war babies will be reaching adulthood. They will begin buying cars, homes, TV sets, and start raising families of their own.

By that time the U. S. govern-

ment may help large families as Canada does. Since 1945, the Canadian government sends a monthly check to families, the amount determined by the number of children in the family. At this time, \$23 million a month is distributed to 1.8 million families. The government considers a \$350-million annual disbursement an inexpensive insurance of the welfare of the nation's greatest asset, its growing boys and girls.

Americans are becoming interested in this plan. Father Francis J. Corley, S.J., has studied it intensely, and proposes an adaptation for the U.S. His plan proposes aid for larger than average families. A monthly check of \$12 would be forthcoming for the third child, \$10

for the fourth, and \$8 for each additional child.

Thus far, no legislation has been enacted, although several states have passed resolutions calling for it. Recently, Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon proposed a Senate resolution for a committee to study Canada's program and report on the feasibility of such a plan in the U.S. Senator Neuberger sees many benefits of the plan for Canadian children and parents. Among them, he says, "it has broadened the market for consumer goods."

But whether the plan is enacted in America or not, the fact remains that babies are big business in America today. They are the key to our present and future prosperity.



AROUND THE WORLD AT HOME

Many Americans are right at home in towns with foreign names. For example, you'll find a Paris in Illinois, Kentucky, Maine, Tennessee, and Texas. See how many of the state names you can furnish for the "foreign" towns (pop. more than 2,500) listed below. It isn't easy; you should pat yourself on the back if you get ten of them right.

1. Moscow	6. Pekin	11. Venice	16. Coventry
2. Belfast	7. Sebastopol	12. Odessa	17. Calais
3. Bogota	8. Rome	13. Dublin	18. Florence
4. Cadiz	9. Warsaw	14. Melbourne	19. Cairo
5. Athens	10. Bethlehem	15. Versailles	20. Vienna

Answers: 1. Idaho 2. Me. 3. N.J. 4. Ohio 5. Tenn.; Ga. 6. Ill. 7. Calif. 8. N.Y. 9. Ind.; N.Y. 10. Pa. 11. Ill. 12. Texas 13. Ga. 14. Fla. 15. Ky. 16. Conn.; R.I. 17. Me. 18. S.C. 19. Ill.; Ga. 20. W.Va. N. H. Brown.

A Visit to Santa Claus

Every year, department stores everywhere have each their own Santa Claus to talk to and amuse the youngsters. (Also indirectly to promote gift sales.) The big question is: "Do the youngsters still believe in Santa Claus?" Before you answer, study these heart-warming candid pictures taken by

a New York *Daily News* photographer, Fred Morgan, of children visiting the jolly old gentleman at Macy's, a large New York department store. There are better ways of building faith and love in the heart of a child, but a wisdom-gifted "Santa" understands how to help with the foundation.

*"I'm really not shy,
Santa". . . but mother
introduces her anyway.*

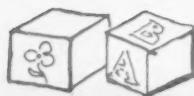




*"Did I forget anything?
let me see . . . a train,
track . . ."*



*"Please . . . a little doll with curls,
red dress, and yellow shoes that
really come off . . ."*





"I want a new party dress, pearl beads, and new ballet slippers."



"I believe you, Santa, when you say I will get all those things."



"I love you truly, Santa," says little Mary as she nestles closer.





*"I have been pretty good, so I want
for Christmas—this and that."*



*"This is no laughing matter, Santa
... be sure to get me . . ."*

*"You really mean, Santa, you are going to
bring me a big, big dolly, and the buggy
to push her in?"*



By Ralph N. Hill
*Condensed from "Window in the Sea"**

Science Makes Sissies of Sharks

*One of the strangest projects of the 2nd World
War removes an ancient menace from the sea*

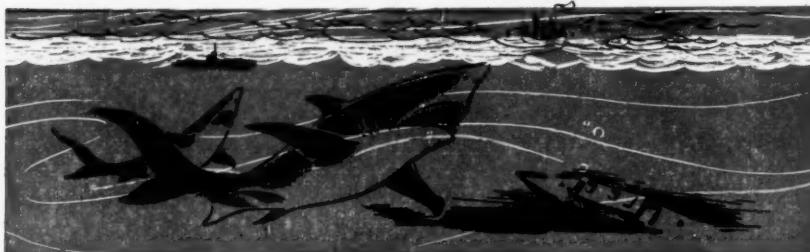
BACK IN 1941, Pearl Harbor obscured a tragic scene in the South Atlantic. A British light cruiser had been torpedoed. Awash on heavily laden rafts, the survivors spent five days beating off sharks with paddles. Of the cruiser's 450 men, only 170 escaped the torpedoing and the frightful attack of the sharks.

Fear of sharks soon became a serious morale problem among America's merchant sailors. Almost every man who sailed regularly in the Caribbean could anticipate spending some time in the water, so successful was the Germans' first submarine campaign there. It was

no use telling sailors that sharks only rarely attack human beings. The news of a single attack grapevined into general knowledge among the crews.

W. Douglas Burden, president of Marine Studios, a giant ocean-life aquarium, was intrigued with this problem. He decided to try to find a substance which sharks would not attack, analyze it, and extract from it the offensive chemicals. If this could be done, he could combine these chemicals in a concentrate which, when released in the water by a sailor or airman, would act as a repellent.

He searched the reference books



*© 1956 by Ralph Nading Hill, and reprinted with permission of Rinehart & Co. 208 pp.
\$3.50. This article is from an excerpt in *Natural History*, Central Park W. at 79th St., New
York City 24. September, 1956.

for data on shark repellents, but found nothing significant. Even the folklore of natives living near shark-infested waters proved barren. Obviously, the quest for a shark repellent would involve basic research.

As the war had forced the closing of the Marine Studios in Florida, research started at Woods Hole Oceanographic institution in Massachusetts. The first step was to tempt three-foot dog sharks, recently placed in the Woods Hole laboratory tanks, with various kinds of poisoned meat. The experiments were at first discouraging. The sharks readily seized meat containing the strongest poisons. The fact that they died within half an hour after eating was immaterial—the point was that they had swallowed the bait. Ultrasonics failed to dull their appetite. Different kinds of ink clouds failed—the shark seeking food relies more on smell than sight. Even so, war gases did not deter them, nor did a variety of stenches and irritants.

Then the scientists got a clue. Florida shark fishermen reported that whenever storms kept them from picking up sharks that had died on their hooks, no other sharks were to be found within a wide radius. This led the scientists to an exciting discovery. Decomposed shark flesh from four to six days old proved distasteful to the Woods Hole dog sharks. Chemical analysis of the flesh showed that the repellent factor was acetic acid, given off

when ammonium acetate is dissolved in water. Meanwhile, another scientist, Arthur McBride, found that copper sulphate was an even more powerful repellent than the extract from decomposing shark meat. Maleic acid proved a deterrent, also, but a less effective one.

So promising were these chemicals that the experiments were moved out of the laboratory into the open sea. Only there, under natural conditions, could the tests be verified.

The search for sharks began off northern Florida. This effort proved fruitless, as did an expedition to the Florida Keys, so the Navy and Coast Guard dispatched submarine chasers to help the scientists search the waters around Cuba. Ernest Hemingway suggested some locations there, but those, too, failed to produce any sharks.

Sharks are vagabonds, ranging widely in their quest for food, but the scientists had not expected difficulty finding them. They finally had to organize an expedition to the Pacific, to search off Ecuador and Peru. The shark population off Ecuador was reported second only to Australia's.

The expedition, led by Arthur Schmidt, Charles Breder, and Arthur McBride, began on Dec. 6, 1942, almost a year to the day after the human feast of the South Atlantic sharks following the sinking of the British cruiser. The cabin cruiser, *Willpet*, headed first for the island

of La Plata, 25 miles off Ecuador. Two years previously, a porpoise-hunting expedition to La Plata had failed because the moment the fishermen got a porpoise on the line, the water fairly boiled with hammerhead sharks. In a twinkling, only a patch of bloody water was left where the porpoise had been. Now, however, the scientists could not attract sharks in any quantity. They baited their hooks with wahoo, bonito, massive jacks, tuna, and freshly killed goats. They trolled, drifted with surface baits, anchored and still-fished by day and by night; yet the sharks completely ignored their bait.

The *Willpet* wandered upcoast and down, fruitlessly fishing several more suggested shark holes. Then, one day the expedition put in at Rio Morrow, a small tidal estuary. Mullet, a favorite shark food, were particularly plentiful at its mouth. The mullet entered the estuary with each rising tide, and directly behind them, chasing them along the surface, were sharks.

McBride and Schmidt broke out their gear with the trembling excitement of fly-fishermen surrounded by rising trout. Three mullet-baited lines were set out, one with the repellent, and two without it to serve as controls.

The results were spectacular. The baits scarcely settled down under their cork floats before they were taken. No sooner was a shark brought in and released from the

hook, the line rebaited and reset, than the cork float on another line would disappear and the combat would be renewed. This, of course, was just what the scientists wanted—the more strikes they could tabulate, the better. At every rising tide, day and night for 16 days, the busy crew of the *Willpet* toiled here to take advantage of their good luck.

Most of the sharks caught were powerful and very fast black-tipped ground sharks which often cleared the water like sailfish as they tried to throw the hook. Ground sharks of a larger species, *Carcharhinus azureus*, measuring nearly eight feet, were brought in also, as well as small hammerheads.

Before many days, the statistics could be arranged in exciting patterns. Copper acetate, a double-barreled repellent, was producing almost magical results! As soon as it began to diffuse, at the rate of as little as one-tenth of a pound an hour, all strikes would cease on the experimental line. Hung near the bottom, where the sharks enjoyed feeding, even the choicest bait remained untouched when the repellent was at work.

Soon after the expedition returned to the U. S., Burden decided to make one more experiment, to check what effectiveness copper acetate would have under "mob conditions," when sharks gathered in large numbers and attacked indiscriminately.

"Let us assume," said Burden, "that a lot of blood has gotten in the water before the introduction of the repellent. Let us assume further that voracious sharks are present in large numbers. Under such circumstances, sharks have frequently been seen biting at oars and boats, with such savage determination that they completely ignored heavy blows. This mob impulse might be likened to animal stampede behavior."

The research staff of the Marine Studios reported that the nearest parallel to mob conditions followed the dumping of "trash" fish from the shrimp boats off St. Augustine, Fla., so the new extract was tried out there.

Attracted by shovelfuls of fish, the sharks appeared from every direction. As they slashed and cut at the bait, a movie camera on deck recorded the maelstrom. After 30 seconds of dumping plain fish, the crew shoveled in fish mixed with repellent for another 30 seconds.

The sharks remained to feed on these for only five seconds, then faded away completely. Thirty minutes later, when plain fish were again dumped in, a few came back. But when these were followed by fish with repellent, there was not another strike. On a third trial, the sharks would not approach within 20 yards of the boat even to attack plain fish.

This evidence was so conclusive that it convinced even the most grudging skeptics. The repellent was quickly made up into cakes, which were ordered by the Navy and Air Force in tremendous quantities. The Air Force used it for all over-water flights between latitudes 45° North and South. Sealed in a blue envelope, suspended on the end of a ribbon and cemented to the life preserver, a packet gave positive protection from sharks for from three to four hours. One of the strangest projects of the 2nd World War was a complete success.

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BEDTIME STORIES

A father, buying a doll for his daughter's birthday, was told by the saleslady, "Here's a lovely doll—you lay her down and she closes her eyes, just like a real little girl."

"I guess," said the father sadly, "you've never had a real little girl."

Eastman Survey (Dec. '55).

Four-year-old Margie was staying with her grandparents for the first time. When put to bed, she sobbed that she was afraid of the dark.

"But you don't have a light at home, dear, do you?" asked her grandmother. "No," she replied. "But *there* it's my own dark."

E.M.

By Alexander Barrie
*Condensed from "Maclean's"**

Medical Mystery

The liver is the least understood organ of the human body, but it is the hardest working

ONE DAY IN 1926, the head of Toronto university's physiology department put his nose through the office door of a young professor. "Young man," he said, "I'm told that you are doing research on the liver. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then beware! For it's a swamp from which many never return."

The young professor was Dr. C. H. Best, who was to become one of Canada's most distinguished medical researchers, co-discoverer (with Sir Frederick Banting) of insulin.

Thirty years have passed since the senior professor gave his warning. During this time, intensive studies of the human liver have been made all over the world. Yet the liver remains the most baffling of all the body's organs.

If your liver were removed, for instance, nothing could be done to keep you alive. Why? Doctors don't know. They can now explain what makes any other organ indispensable, but when it comes to the liver, they are still wondering. The liver is very much bigger than it need be. Why? Again, doctors don't

know. Neither are they sure how much of it can be spared, but they think it may be as much as four fifths. Everyone agrees that the liver takes on many separate jobs for the body. But how many? Some experts suggest about 30; other guesses run into the hundreds.

The liver is a mammoth, wedge-shaped organ at the top and to the right of the stomach. It weighs between 3 and 3½ pounds. That makes it the heaviest organ in the body. Researchers can cut away up to seven eighths of an animal's liver before signs of impaired function begin to show. But what they don't know is: could humans get along with as little? Because surgery on the human liver is still too dangerous for anything but the removal of surface growths, no one can be sure.

In trying to establish how much of the liver bulk might be surplus, researchers came across another startling point: animal liver regrows when part is taken away. No one knows why, nor does anyone know for certain that the same would be true of the human liver. All that

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. Sept. 15, 1956. © 1956 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

can be determined thus far is that animal liver regrows at great speed and that it keeps growing until the original size and weight have been reached.

Researchers have discovered, too, that though the heart and muscles were once thought to be the hardest-working organs in the human body, this honor actually belongs to the liver.

One of the liver's chief functions seems to be that of making bile, at the rate of about half a gallon a day. It then passes the greenish-yellow, bitter-tasting fluid to the gall bladder for storage. There it waits until mealtimes, when it is released to the intestine.

Bile has two duties to perform. One is to help the liver act as guardian of the body. The liver watches for incoming poisons, intercepts them before they reach the blood stream; then the bile carries them away for disposal. The bile's second job is to convert fats into a milky fluid for easy digestion.

The liver is also a very intricate chemical plant that works over the food you eat, rearranging, storing, and distributing it so that your body can absorb it best.

Another function of the liver (aided by the hormone insulin) is to keep the right amount of energy-giving sugar in the blood. Without this sugar, life would end in convulsions and coma after eight hours.

Carbohydrates, proteins, and fats are the three food families human

tissue needs. The liver can convert all of these into sugar if it has to. But since carbohydrates are largely sugars already, it uses them first. If the supply is enough, it will save proteins and fats for other jobs.

Incoming sugar brings a complex chemical problem with it. The body wishes its sugar in the simplest form possible: glucose. So the intestine changes all carbohydrate material into glucose before passing it along to the liver. However, the liver, which has to hold materials until it can find parts of the body to use them, cannot store glucose. So it processes glucose first into a material named glycogen; this it can store. When the muscles are hungry for sugar, which they "burn" as they work, it quickly completes the job of making glycogen back into glucose and releases it to the blood.

The job of breaking down proteins tests the liver's chemical skill less but calls for immense precision in gathering, storing, and releasing them to the blood in just the right amounts at just the right times.

Fats make fewest demands on the liver—by being a threat to its health. Fat accumulation can cause disease in the organ's intricate inside, so the liver stores very little of it (about 4%), checks the rest for wholesomeness, then sends it quickly to "fat depots" throughout the fleshy parts of the body. This is the liver's way of guarding against the risk of starvation. If the body should be forced to go without food, the liver recalls

the fats, converts them to glycogen, then to glucose for ready release as energy.

A Canadian lumberjack gave medical men a dramatic example of the process in action. During the war, he traded his back-straining work in the forests for the quiet life of an army quartermaster. Overnight, the whole pattern of his life changed, but his appetite did not. Years of bull-moose-like eating had formed a habit. His liver had a grave storage problem. Far more energy-making material was coming in than his muscles burned up. Unable to reject anything but poisons, his liver passed fats out to depots wherever it could find them and stepped up its own storage amount dangerously high. The ex-lumberjack's topography began to change. In time, he outbulked the biggest uniforms, chairs, and beds. When he hit the 450 pound mark, he was ordered to appear before some surprised medical experts.

Yet no very drastic treatment was necessary. He was put on a fat-free diet, his carbohydrate intake was cut down, and he was made to exercise. His liver went to work recalling and converting the fat it had spread about his body. His weight began to come down. But it took a year to shrink him back to his normal 250 pounds.

Three pints of blood flow through the liver every minute in two separate supply lines, one from the heart, the other from the intestines.

The heart sends the liver the normal flow of oxygen-loaded blood needed by all organs in the body. The other pipeline sends incoming food carried by slow-moving blood through what is called the portal vein.

As soon as food is swallowed, it is attacked by digestive juices and dissolved into a rich liquid. The nutrient in this liquid seeps into the intestine walls to meet a lace-work of tiny veins. These whisk it away, packed with nourishment, to the large portal vein leading straight to the secret labyrinth of the liver's internal cells.

Liver cells all look alike under the microscope. This fact baffles scientists, for although the cells look the same, they cannot be, since they take on so many different jobs.

Besides cleaning out poisons and sorting carbohydrates, proteins, and fats, the liver is a vitamin center. Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D and E (the six old well-known ones) are all stored in its interior. But recently two more have been found—vitamins B₁₂ and K.

The discovery of B₁₂ is a story in itself. Scientists suspected for years that the liver helps make new blood cells. But how? In prenatal life, making blood is one of the liver's functions. After birth, it appears to leave this function to the bone marrow. Yet, although no one could explain them, there were signs that some connection between the liver and healthy blood corpuscles existed.

For instance, doctors discovered, in the 20's, that if patients suffering from pernicious anemia ate enough animal liver, their health improved. But until 1928, when liver extract was developed, the treatment was a terrible hardship; patients had to eat as much as a pound of raw liver a day to stay alive. After a few months, most began to wonder if the disease was as distressing as the cure. But at last science was quite sure that somewhere inside it, the mysterious liver secreted an active body-making material.

Then in 1948 the mysterious substance itself— B_{12} —was found. And from then on it took only a tiny quantity taken once a month to keep anemia victims alive. (However, it takes four tons of animal liver to make just a fraction of an ounce of B_{12} .)

Vitamin K is one more precious body substance that we owe to the liver. It is an essential part of a complex chemical cocktail that gives blood the power to clot. It works in partnership with another liver product, heparin, that acts in the other direction—as an anticoagulant chemical. In delicate balance, the mixture of these and other fluids keeps the blood liquid in circulation and makes it clot when exposed to the air.

Yet, for all the knowledge recently gained, today's medical men still find the liver perplexing. For instance, if the liver is removed but sugar is supplied in proper quan-

tities to the blood, death comes swiftly. Why? The question has not been answered. Some experts think that the liver has other vital functions still undiscovered.

Little can be done to help the victims of liver disease. Most doctors' treatments are based simply on the idea that if you give it a chance, the durable liver will cure itself. And it frequently does—without much more help than diet and rest.

Infectious jaundice is the only known "catching" liver complaint. Its victim does not necessarily turn the ghostly yellow that most people expect him to. If he did, there would be fewer cases of mistaken diagnosis. But jaundice, which is an inflammation of the liver, may look from the outside like flu, dysentery, or typhoid. Health authorities believe that many a jaundice case is never recognized. Fortunately, it is seldom a killer. The patient usually makes a good recovery from whatever treatment is prescribed.

Another common jaundice can be caused by injections, inoculations, and transfusions; it is often known as "transfusion jaundice" to distinguish it from its infectious relative. The army fell victim to transfusion jaundice on a huge scale during the 2nd World War. When some half a million men were vaccinated in 1942 against yellow fever, tens of thousands of them came down with jaundice.

But cirrhosis is liver enemy No. 1. A liver attacked by cirrhosis first

enlarges and then shrivels as its cells, crushed by scars, are strangled. Scientists long believed that cirrhosis is closely connected with over-indulgence in alcohol and food. Back in 1836, an English doctor, Thomas Addison, was first to advance this theory. Later, research men went to work. Animals were fed alcohol for prolonged periods, then had their livers removed for examination. Results seemed to confirm Dr. Addison's theory. In a 1947 experiment, rats were fed 10% alcohol; another group was given the same food but no alcohol. Within two months the drinkers developed cirrhosis; the abstainers did not.

It was also found that in Russia, where most people have little to spend on luxuries, the disease is rare: only .02% of autopsies show it as the cause of death. But in North America, where some 70% of the adult population drinks, the rate is close to 2%, or 100 times greater. So the case seemed closed; too much alcohol for too long adds up to cirrhosis.

But the reigning experts overlooked some signs indicating that perhaps this was not the whole story. In Asia and Africa, cirrhosis is common although alcohol is rare. In Australia, when the rains return after a lengthy drought to change the arid pastureland into a rich and juicy green, many grazing animals develop cirrhosis. Then, too, although most cirrhotic patients have been heavy drinkers, this is by no

means true of all cirrhotic patients.

When all the facts were assembled it seemed doubtful that alcohol could cause cirrhosis. In 1949, Toronto's Dr. C. H. Best decided to make new tests.

He was not satisfied that past experimenters had made proper allowance for the caloric value of alcohol and its effect on diet. So again, one group of rats was fed alcohol while another group was not. But this time the caloric value of the alcohol was added (as sugar) to the diet of the abstaining rats. This time, too, Best saw to it that both groups, though eating less than normal because of the added caloric intake through alcohol on the one hand and through sugar on the other, received properly balanced diets. When the rats were killed and their livers examined, no disease was found in either group. So the earlier experiments had been misleading; the truth was that the rats could swallow alcohol regularly and still remain fit.

Dr. Best next cut the protein intake of both groups of rats. Now, cirrhosis developed in all the rats' livers. Dr. Best concluded that it is total diet that matters, not whether or not alcohol is swallowed. As one young doctor put it, "A gin drinker's liver depends not so much on gin before dinner as on gin instead of dinner."

The alcoholic may swallow 1500 calories a day in liquid form alone. This is the equivalent of 15 five-

ounce potatoes. It is not surprising that he eats too little, and eats the wrong kind of food. Nor is it surprising, now, that although alcohol does not harm the liver, alcoholism often does. For, as Dr. J. R. Bingham, of the Alcoholism Research foundation in Toronto, points out, alcoholics cannot be persuaded to eat. "If they controlled themselves well enough to eat," he says, "they wouldn't be alcoholics."

The final mystery in the whole perplexing subject is the amazing fact that, serious as cirrhosis usually

is, some people can go through life in its grip and never even know. Many an autopsy has shown advanced cirrhosis, which was not the cause of death.

So the liver adds another secret to the list. But not, perhaps, for long. For now there is a specialist trained in the precision, patience, and persistence needed to tear the secrets out: the biochemist, a man much better matched for the job than anyone has been before. It is to him that medical science now turns for the answers it needs.



PITFALLS OF THE PERFECTIONIST

One day my mother burned up \$50 by throwing five new \$10 bills into our kitchen stove. We were having serious illness in our family at that time, and she was far too agitated to have all her wits about her.

With the wherewithal to pay the grocer and the doctor in one hand and the dustpan in the other, she threw the wherewithal instead of the dust upon the glowing coals.

I remember the horror in which she and I saw it become ashes within one awful moment; but I recall even more clearly her acceptance of this tragedy.

"Well," she said, "at least I'm glad I did it and not you. It's gone. Let's forget it."

Mere loss of money through carelessness or even folly, a disappointing journey, or a hundred other minor catastrophes which are bound to beset our days are of no great moment in the universal scheme of things. When a mania for perfection enters into our close relations with others or even dictates our attitudes toward them, then we are headed for trouble.

In spite of mathematics, 85% as a reasonable goal for human accomplishment really equals the 100% for which so many of us strive. For the 15%, which only *seems* to be lacking, is composed of good humor; gay acceptance of human fallibility; the recognition that complete perfection in anything is rarely, if ever, reached—and that if it were, half the fun, absurdity, and constant challenge of human experience would be lost.

Mary Ellen Chase in *Coronet* (Sept. '56).



By John M. Fontana
*Condensed from a pamphlet**

The Greatest Inventor

*For Gutenberg's monument—
look around you*

JOHN GUTENBERG of Mainz and Strasbourg was the inventor of printing, the "art preservative of all arts." Just 500 years ago he began work on his masterpiece, the Gutenberg Bible.

Europeans had begun to print from woodblocks in 1423, and Koreans had cast crude types and printed from them as far back as the 14th century. But it was Gutenberg who first made metal pieces of movable type in the form they have today.

John Gutenberg mastered three arts. The first was polishing of stones or gems; the second was that of making mirrors. His third art, printing, he kept secret for a long time.

Gutenberg had been banished from his birthplace, Mainz, through guild politics and had gone to live in Strasbourg on an income inherited from his family. He had two partners and pupils in the work of gem-cutting and mirror-making. One day they discovered Gutenberg working on his secret project. They

begged to be included in the work, to be taught the new process and to have a share in the profits. After some debate Gutenberg consented, when they agreed to match his own investment up to that time. The new association was formed by Hans Riffe, Andrew Ditzehen, and Gutenberg. Later, they had to include Anthony Heilman, a money lender. They aimed to have the products of the new art ready by 1439 for sale at the great fair at Aix-la-Chapelle. Such fairs were held every seventh year.

Carefully and patiently, the four worked out each little detail of their tasks. Gutenberg showed them how woodblocks were cut and printed. He explained his idea of making individual letters of metal that could be used to form words and sentences. The result would be printed pages that would take the place of the hand-written manuscripts of the day.

Gutenberg had by this time developed models of letters carved from wood, and brass punches with the letters in reverse. His object was to

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make movable letters of metal by pouring melted lead into molds.

One problem was to find a way to make the individual letters of metal stay firmly side by side so that the printing would be as clear as the writing in books done by hand.

While the men worked at their types, Gutenberg hired a carpenter to rebuild a wine press into a press that could be used for printing. The carpenter, pledged to secrecy, was to do the work in his own house. The press was to have a suitable bed for a page of metal letters to rest on. There was to be a frame to hold the paper a short distance from the letters until a movement of the screw brought them together.

Just before Christmas of that year Andrew Dritzehen died. The news thoroughly upset Gutenberg. Fearing that Andrew's brothers would take possession of his tools, and thereby get an inkling of their secret, he sent Hans Riffe to the house of the carpenter who made the press. Hans begged the man to take out of the press an unnamed and mysterious tool of four pieces, held together by two buttons, and to disconnect the pieces, so that no one could understand its use. The secret must be kept.

Gutenberg did not satisfy the expectations of his partners. The fair of Aix-la-Chapelle, postponed for a year, came and went, and yet the invention was not ready. Within a short time, the other partners abandoned Gutenberg and the inven-

tion. But they did not give away his secret.

Tired, discouraged, and with his energy sapped from working day and night, Gutenberg decided to close his workshop for a few days and seek refuge in a monastery. The Bishop of Strasbourg, who knew of Gutenberg's work and of his tribulations, suggested that he spend some time with the monks. The peace and quiet of the monastery brought him fresh hope. Watching the monks laboriously writing out manuscripts at their slanted desks, he resolved not to give up his dream. He knew that, with trained assistants, he could print within 14 weeks what it took a scribe a year to write. More than that, he would be able to turn out an almost unlimited number of copies. With a loan from the Bishop, Gutenberg resumed work.

There were still many problems to be solved. A metal harder than lead must be found for the types. He must find a method of molding narrow letters on a narrow body, and wide letters on a wide body. He must invent a way of making the letters of uniform height. He drove himself mercilessly.

One of the happiest moments in his life came that day in 1440 when he began to set the first pages of the *Donatus Latin grammar*. When the first proof sheets were pulled, he examined the parchments carefully and noticed that the impression was even, and the type close

together and properly aligned. He fervently thanked God. His secret was no longer locked up in his heart and in his mind. His invention now belonged to the world.

With new assistants, Gutenberg proceeded to print copies of the *Donatus* grammar in order to earn enough money to start another and more ambitious enterprise. The Latin grammar sold faster than the copies could be printed. Traders and travelers purchased many copies, and the wealthy offered premium prices.

Soon the invention was being called a black art. The lay scribes and the guilds were for doing away with it. But the Bishop of Strasbourg defended Gutenberg and his invention.

Several reasons besides the local opposition prompted Gutenberg to return to the city of Mainz in 1450. A need for more funds and a desire to see what was left of his family made him accept the Mainz guilds' invitation to return. Most of all he wished to achieve his goal of printing the Bible.

He set up a small shop not far from a place where paper was made. With a small loan, he financed the building of a press, cast new types, and did a little job printing.

A leading citizen of the city of Mainz was one John Fust, a money lender of considerable wealth. Herr Fust enjoyed fine books; he had bought a copy of the *Donatus* and was quite fascinated by the new art.

He passed by the printshop many times and was further allured, as the Strasbourg partners had been, by the hope of great profit. Through a mutual friend he arranged a meeting with Gutenberg. Negotiations were conducted and a settlement was quickly concluded in 1450. He furnished the help the inventor needed, but the terms were hard. Gutenberg agreed to them only because of his faith in his invention. He thought they were the only means by which he could accomplish the great purpose of his life.

Gutenberg trained a new staff of assistants, added new presses, and cast new types. Trial pages were set up in type and proofs pulled. Fust and Gutenberg would go over every detail of the proofs by comparing them with handwritten manuscripts. Many times the types had to be recast, the pages reset, and new proofs pulled until the printed page looked exactly like a page from the pen of a scribe. After two years he could show John Fust a new staff of trained printers, new types, new presses, but only several trial pages of the Bible, set in two columns of 42 lines each. The anxiety caused by the delay and the many months of hard work again left Gutenberg in poor health.

Fust schemed against him. He wore Gutenberg down by repeatedly finding fault with the way the production of the Bible was being handled. He also withheld funds necessary to carry on the work.

Fust finally broke with Gutenberg but only because he had a competent successor for him. This was Peter Schoeffer, a young man of 26, who had been taught the art of printing by Gutenberg, and who had shown great promise. Fust had planned to install him as foreman in the shop to manage the printing of the Bible. Although Schoeffer felt kindly towards Gutenberg, he fell in with the plot because of his interest in Fust's daughter, who later became his wife.

Fust brought a suit against Gutenberg for an accounting of the funds lent him. As soon as everything had been arranged, Gutenberg was summoned to appear in court. The plot was successful in all points. Fust won the suit almost without a struggle. He immediately took possession of all the materials made by Gutenberg and removed them to his own house. With the types, presses, and books went many of the skilled workmen. Now Peter Schoeffer was their new head. The Bible of 42 lines that had been begun by Gutenberg in 1454 was finally finished by Fust and Schoeffer in the latter part of 1455 and illuminated in 1456. Two hundred copies of each page were printed and bound in two volumes.

Although he had become accustomed to adversity, Gutenberg could not easily recover from this latest blow of misfortune. He was close to 60; he had spent his lifetime with his dream of printing the

Bible. Once more Gutenberg refused to admit defeat. In spite of his years, he was vigorous in mind and body—and had retained all his powers of persuasion. Even upon leaving the courtroom after the trial, he had insisted that "not even this will keep me from my printing." He lost no time in establishing a new printing office. In the new shop, he installed two newly repaired presses that had been discarded by Fust as inadequate. These were to be his equipment for the work of printing the Bible. Two printers who remained loyal to Gutenberg decided to stay with him rather than go with John Fust and Peter Schoeffer.

New funds to meet the costs of materials, equipment, and labor were offered by several citizens of the city. Again the shop began to hum with activity.

During the summer of 1456, a churchman showed Gutenberg a bound copy of the 42-line Bible he had decorated with red initials and red ornaments. (Books in those days, the Bible included, whether written by scribes or printed, were sold in loose pages. The purchaser either bound the book himself or gave the work to a bookbinder to have the sheets or pages sewed together and bound into leather or wooden covers. Bookbinding, then as now, was a skilled art.) With trembling hands Gutenberg opened the first of the two volumes. His eyes were moist and his lips quiv-

ered as he inspected this product of his types and the excellent workmanship of the men he had trained.

With feelings of both happiness and sadness, Gutenberg looked upon the work of his former associates. Now he was more determined than ever to print his own Bible. He still had the larger types he had cast for his original plan. Fust had frowned upon the plan, fearing that it would cost too much to print the book in that size since so many pages would be needed. Now Gutenberg brought these types from his home, where they had been stored, back to the shop.

In the latter part of 1456, the Gutenberg Bible was begun. He already had printed proof pages of this type, set in two columns, 36 lines to the page. The work began with earnestness that bordered on reverence. Nothing was allowed to interfere with the production of the one Book.

In 1459, almost three years after it had been started, the 36-line Gutenberg Bible was finished. The completion of this great undertaking was a joyous occasion for Gu-

tenberg and the devoted men who worked with him. With a deep sigh of relief, the old inventor offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for making his great dream come true. After failing many times in the past, he was now rewarded by the sight of many stacks of printed pages of the Bible, ready to be bound into book form for the world.

In 1465, Adolph II, Archbishop of Mainz, made Gutenberg one of the gentlemen of his court "for agreeable and voluntary service rendered to us and our bishopric." In his new surroundings, Gutenberg lived the retired life of a nobleman. With this leisure went an annual grant of corn and wine free of tax. He was allowed to follow the princely court, and had free table and fodder for his horse.

Gutenberg did not long enjoy the leisure of retired life. One day in February, 1468, he died quietly. A bound copy of the 36-line Bible lay on his lap. An eternal monument to Gutenberg for service to mankind can be found in every nook and corner of the world: it is the printed book.



INSPIRATION OR PERSPIRATION?

The author of a best-selling novel dined with some friends and their small son. After dinner the host brought out a copy of the author's book for his autograph.

"Did you really write that book all by yourself?" asked the youngster.

"I sure did," beamed the writer.

"Gee," said the boy, impressed, "I wish I could write like that. How did you keep the lines so straight?"

Journal of the American Medical Assn.

By Labor Columnist Victor Riesel
Condensed from "Human Events"*

My War With the Mob Goes On

But it took acid in a newsman's eyes to wake up the public

IHAVE BEEN BLINDED by a thug, but I can still see more clearly than those champions of labor who denounce automatically all crusades against the mob inside labor. It is these decent but overzealous defenders of labor who are blind. It is they who identify all labor with the mob.

But it is the public crusader who carefully etches the sharp line between the underworld invaders and honest union leaders.

What the disturbed champions of labor don't see is the danger of their outcries. Unwittingly, these men become, in effect, the secret weapon of the mob. By blasting all outside forces which fight the labor underworld, they frighten off public officials, senators, congressmen, and even governors in a number of states.

Look at the record of state and federal probes. At least four major congressional investigations have been dropped like hot coals because of political pressure. I have been



told by investigators that they had been directed not to get too tough or bring in evidence which would force indictments.

Look at this Congress. How many probes into any cobwebbed corner of the underworld has it put into motion?

Why, after Senator Paul Douglas found a score of union officials using welfare and pension funds as "their own money," was his investi-

Victor Riesel was blinded for life last April 5 by a hoodlum who stepped up to him on the street and flung acid into his face. Since then, more than 50,000 letters and telegrams of sympathy and encouragement have flooded into his office. He is 41. His crusading labor column appears in more than 190 newspapers.

*1835 K St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Sept. 9, 1956. © 1956 by the Hall Syndicate, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

gation permitted to die? It had one of America's top investigators, Frank Plant, a former FBI agent. Its chief counsel, Paul Cotter, was raring to dig deeper. They turned out a searing 365-page indictment of the crime cartel inside labor. The AFL-CIO executive council went through it. AFL-CIO chief George Meany sent it on to the Ethical Practices committee for action.

Yet nowhere in the government was there \$100,000 to keep the Douglas committee alive.

There must be congressional probes. Otherwise the ball falls between two outfielders. The government finds that it can't handle clever criminals on any charge except income-tax evasion. So some of the worst hoods get away with sentences as short as eight months on tax raps. There just are no laws to deal with the subtleties of the crime cartel, to jug men like Frankie Costello.

Little can be unraveled in the courts because, unlike the old Capone muscle work and the bloody gun and ice-pick wars of Lepke and Gurrah, all this is legal. It may be unethical, immoral, and contrary to the quasi-public trust a labor official should pledge himself to when he goes to work for the proletariat, but it is legal—and the boys do love the aura of respectability with which it cloaks them.

The key word among today's mobsters is "respectability," the standing they've gained in their

communities while they operate their criminal cartel behind the scenes. Their dominating fear is neither the police nor the federal investigators nor even the Internal Revenue service.

They fear most the spotlight of exposure in the press which goes into their communities and homes. They hate me because this is the one powerful weapon I've been able to use in this fight. That's why they close the doors of their meetings and exclude reporters.

To amass their fortunes in cash, real estate, and other investments, they have used the power of unions they've seized, often in the same business fields in which they operate. They have become businessmen's "partners" by simply threatening to withhold workers from projects with deadlines set by contracts with the federal government, big cities, and private concerns.

Consider the gimmick used by George J. Walters, former president of the Pittsburgh Building Trades council and an official of a Bricklayers' local there. So prominent a citizen was Walters that he served as chairman of the Pittsburgh Housing authority and a member of the Steel City's Board of Education.

Brother Walters, who went to jail, had connections with pipe and building-supply firms. If you wanted skilled bricklayers, you had to buy blocks from the company which paid him part of its profits. During his trial, it was shown that in two

instances he picked up \$13,000; later, \$14,000. Walters was jailed for 15 months and fined \$5,000 for failure to report \$35,099 in income which he got on the side from building contractors over a five-year period.

Just a few weeks ago, two brick-layer officials in Pennsylvania were indicted by a Scranton grand jury on charges of demanding \$4,200 before they unloaded bricks for a contractor building a Signal Corps depot.

But the pressure by some union officials on the contractors building swiftly needed federal projects doesn't always come from the pennyanite crowd. There is a hulking fellow now slimming down in the federal pen for another decade or so because he tried, among other inspirations, to extort \$1 million from the Ebasco Corp., then building tremendous power projects for our atomic and thermonuclear defense program. This shakedown artist is one Evan Dale, chief of the Hod Carriers and Common Laborers in East St. Louis.

Not quite so imaginative as the pirate in the atomic fields was a set of crooks who were lifted out of the St. Louis Construction Trades unions by a federal grand jury. There it was shown that businessmen who wanted to bid on government contracts first consulted certain union officials. The contractors had to find out exactly how much the union men's shakedown would

be before the bid was put in—otherwise that cost could run as much as \$200,000 on a project. This could easily be the difference between profit and bankruptcy.

In fact, it was that margin for one heating contractor who dared to bid on government work without the union bosses' permission. This contractor was forced out of business; and another firm, in which the labor leaders had a financial interest, was able somehow to get the choice contracts without difficulty.

In St. Louis, there were such specialists in extortion as Larry Callanan and Paul Hulahan. The first was the boss of the Steam Fitters' local, and he wielded terrific political power. The latter was known as the "heavy-fisted" business agent of a hod-carriers' local. Their price was a mere \$50,000 each to permit two projects to get under way.

These are but a few of hundreds of such cases. Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell's Justice department reports that since it began prosecutions, right after the inauguration in 1953, on to March 31, 1956, 102 convictions on racket charges were secured. All were labor people.

Scores more were indicted, but were able to slip through the loopholes of the law. Through these loopholes pass some of the toughest officials, right across the threshold to "respectability."

A belief prevails across the land that racketeers are restricted solely to the trucking and garment in-

dustries and the water front. The time has come to go further inland, where a handful of goons have run simply worded union charters into immense personal fortunes because those charters gave them the right to assign workers to mass projects.

Once the mobsters, such as Evan Dale, have the power to hand out jobs, they control the lives of tens of thousands of men who swarm in on such construction projects as the Joppa power works. Control of so many workers gives the Evan Dales the influence needed to set up bars, gambling joints, and other dives—and the power to order men to patronize their joints. Muscle men see to it that no one gets out of line by patronizing competitors. The "take" is enormous.

When you travel inland, you run into such brazen techniques as union officials charging 5¢ a square foot for permission to excavate land.

Contractors in Missouri were forced to pay "rent" for nonexistent equipment supposedly furnished by certain union leaders or companies controlled by them. In some cases, the companies were as nonexistent as the equipment. If a contractor wanted a receipt for his payoff, the union leaders obliged with fictitious invoices.

In one case, a legitimate concern was forced by a union official to set up a company for the labor leader to use as a coverup for his extortion racket. The legitimate firm was threatened with financial loss

if it didn't go along with his plan.

Not even food escapes the racketts. Extortionists operating as union officials charge businessmen 2¢ a pound for the right to buy and sell chickens.

On Long Island, members of the Operating Engineers have had to buy up to \$20 worth of liquor a month from the bar owned by union owner William de Konig, Sr. No drinks, no jobs. De Konig was finally jailed.

Union officials have taken out bank loans and job seekers have had to pay the installments in cash before they got on the job list. Employers and union members have been forced to donate heavily for testimonial "gifts" to union officials, sometimes totaling up to \$50,000.

Thousands of skilled workers have had to go to the suburban estates of their union chiefs to contribute off-hour labor on construction, repairs, and even waiting personally on the big boss—if they wanted to hold their jobs.

Literally millions of workers went through the war breaking their backs at high-speed skilled work to turn out weapons for our country—and yet were never permitted real rights in the union to which they paid dues. These were, and still are, known as permit men. They paid upward of \$1 a day to get a card. Even today, hundreds of thousands of class B union members pay dues but can't vote or sit in on meetings or address their own officials.

In a score of communities, union officials are powerful in local political organizations. They always have cash ready for quick donations to needy candidates. So they buy political protection. They move among mayors, police officials, judges, prosecutors, playboys seeking thrills, and others who think that they are fascinating.

This terror rides high today, right across the land. These are no petty rackets. They bring the mob upwards of \$1 billion, a figure I get just by adding up data put together by various investigating committees.

It becomes tougher to find and

expose the mob. It is still tougher to elude their respectable friends, who are always saying, "Why pick on those poor persecuted labor men?"—some of whom are their own suburban neighbors by night and move with the toughest criminals by day.

What the racketeers fear most is the spotlight of publicity that many clergymen, anticrime committees, and I have been able to turn on them in the public prints.

It is bitter to realize that all the glare focused onto the snakepit did not move the public. It took the blinding of a newsman finally to stir the nation into action.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I was a Russian refugee living in Paris, penniless, unused to poverty, untrained for work, and with two small children to support. The year: 1924. I finally got a job at a hospital. Sister Yvonne was in charge. She sensed my need (and my pride, for I could not speak of it to anyone).

I ate my noon meal with the nuns. Sister always saw to it that my plate was heaped with twice as much food as the others' (enough extra for my children's dinner), and every day an empty paper bag lay beside it.

Christmas approached, and my children asked about Père Noël. "Will he bring me a doll?" "And me a train?" There were still few francs in my purse, barely enough to pay the rent. The store windows were bright, and filled with toys; my days were agony, for I could not bear to tell the children that Père Noël does not visit everyone. But Père Noël did come—Sister Yvonne saw to that—and there were a doll, a train, bags of candy and nuts, and two small pairs of shoes.

After many months, I obtained visas to the U.S. Years passed. Hitler marched into France; Paris fell; Sister Yvonne and her little Community were in dire need. Now it was my turn, and little paper bags filled with food went off across the water, together with all my love and prayers for the now aged nun who showed me how great is the power of kindness.

Nina Adamovich.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Rear Adm. (Ret.) Samuel Eliot Morison
Condensed from
"The Rising Sun in the Pacific"*

Pearl Harbor Remembered

A battle won that lost a war

SUNDAY, DEC. 7, 1941, the "day that will live in infamy," dawned bright and fair over Pearl Harbor. Every so often a cloud floated lazily away from the Koolau mountains.

Out in the harbor, on board ships, the forenoon watch was piped to breakfast, while the men they were to relieve concluded the various duties of a Sunday-morning watch, cleaning brass and wiping dew off the machine guns. Of those guns, about one in four was fully manned, for the fleet never wholly relaxed; "condition 3" of readiness was always set in harbor. The sound of church bells in Honolulu, ringing for 8-o'clock Mass, came over the lightly rippled harbor.

Sharp-eyed Boatswain's Mate Mangan, aboard the destroyer *Allen*,

noticed 20 to 25 planes circling at about 5,000 feet at 7:30 A.M., but, in view of frequent air-attack drills, he thought nothing of it.

Rear Adm. W. R. Furlong, commander, Mine Force, Pacific fleet, was pacing the quarter deck of the U.S.S. *Oglala*, tied up outboard of the cruiser *Helena* at Pier 1010, in an excellent position to survey what followed. A few seconds short of 7:55 A.M., he noticed a plane flying low over Ford island from the northeast. Then he heard a bomb explode on the seaplane ramp at the south end of the island, and saw dust rise, but thought it an accidental drop by one of our own planes.

The plane turned up the main channel between his ship and Ford island, and he saw the "meatball" insignia on it. He called for gen-



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eral quarters, and, realizing he was senior officer present afloat in Pearl Harbor, had the signal hoisted: "All ships in harbor sortie."

Almost simultaneously with the fall of the first bomb, the signal tower at Pearl Harbor telephoned to Admiral Kimmel's headquarters, "Enemy air raid—not drill." At 7:58 A.M., Rear Adm. Patrick N. L. Bellinger broadcast from his headquarters on Ford island a message that shook the U.S. as nothing had since the firing on Fort Sumter: "Air raid, Pearl Harbor—this is no drill."

The military atmosphere in Oahu during the three months preceding the attack was neither careless nor complacent, but tense and energetic.

Admiral Kimmel, a conscientious, capable, hard-working officer, was obsessed with the urgent problem of training. Trained officers and men were constantly being drafted out of the fleet to make skeleton crews for new ships being constructed in the U.S., and raw replacements were constantly coming in. These new men had to be placed and trained. Then, too, Kimmel faced vital matériel shortages, especially in anti-aircraft guns, aircraft bombs, fuel oil, and planes.

Kimmel was on the horns of a dilemma: he might keep his command in a state of constant alert, which would expend precious matériel, exhaust the men, and undermine their morale; or he might con-

centrate on training at the expense of alertness.

General Short had a similar problem. The Alert No. 1 that he maintained, even after Washington's war warning of Nov. 27, was an alert against ground sabotage only. The Army Air Force was ferrying Flying Fortresses to the Philippines, and had to furnish the crews. Only six of these B-17's were in Oahu for training purposes. If the army went to Alert 3, the alert against enemy air attack, training would have to stop; and there would have been no crews for the ferrying, which the War department considered very important, since it anticipated an attack on the Philippines but not on Pearl Harbor.

Therefore, since Washington believed, and the intelligence officers in Hawaii advised them, that there was only a remote possibility of an attack on Pearl Harbor, Kimmel and Short concentrated on training at the expense of alertness. A tragic mistake, but an honest one.

Now, the Sabbath calm was rudely broken by bomb explosions and the hoarse klaxon sounding general quarters on every vessel; presently by the sharp bark of 5-inch anti-aircraft guns and the nervous chatter of machine guns. Colors were raised defiantly, and the Battle of Pearl Harbor was on. In a split second, the U.S. passed from a precarious neutrality to full-fledged belligerency; Dec. 7 was the first of 1,351 days of war.

There were 94 ships of the U.S. Navy in Pearl Harbor to choose from, but the Japanese knew exactly what they wanted. Eight battleships were the priority targets; the aviators, well-briefed with the latest clandestine information from the Japanese consul at Honolulu, and supplied with accurate charts, knew that they were tied up singly or in pairs to the great mooring quays which were strung out along the southeast shore of Ford island.

Four separate torpedo-plane attacks came before 8:25 A.M. The major one was made by 12 Kates, which swung in from the southeast over Merry point, split up, and launched their specially fitted shoal-water torpedoes at altitudes between 40 and 100 feet above the water. The second torpedo attack, by three planes, was made on the same eight battleships; the third, by a single plane, was directed at the cruiser *Helena*; the fourth, of five planes which came in from the northwest, attacked the ships moored to the berths on the north side of Ford island.

From within five minutes of the first torpedo attack, the battleships were also combed fore and aft by dive bombers, which were hard to get at with the few anti-aircraft guns then mounted on battlewagons. Both Kates and Vals, after launching torpedoes and bombs, flew back over their targets, strafing the men on the decks.

Half an hour after the battle be-

THE FIRST WAS LOST

Father Aloysius H. Schmitt was on the *Oklahoma* when she was hit. When the general alarm sounded, he went to his station with about 150 other men.

The ship began to heel over. The padre and his men were in the corridor, squeezed like sardines; finally an aviator managed to open a hatch far enough to let a man through. He yelled, "Gangway for the padre! Let him out!"

There was almost complete darkness. Young sailors pushed each other aside to make room for the priest to escape.

"Pull out the men nearest the hatch," the chaplain called out. "I'll stay with the rest of my boys."

Six men escaped. The ship heeled over. Darkness again! The padre was with his boys.

Bill Ingram quoted in *Baltimore Catholic Review* (27 Mar. '42).

gan, the *Arizona* was a burning wreck, the *Oklahoma* had capsized, the *West Virginia* had sunk, the *California* was going down, and every other battleship (except the *Pennsylvania*, in dry dock) had been badly damaged. By 8:25 A.M. the Japanese had accomplished about 90% of their objective: they had wrecked the battle force of the Pacific fleet.

The *West Virginia*, the youngest

battleship present, 18 years old on Dec. 1, was one of the first and hardest hit, and also one of the last to be returned to active duty. A group of her younger officers started her personnel topside on the run, and saved hundreds of lives. The ship listed so rapidly that the guns on the starboard side, which opened fire within two minutes, could only be served by organizing a double row of ammunition passers, one to pass and the other to hold up the passers.

The *Tennessee* was moored inboard of the *West Virginia*, and thus protected from torpedoes. Most of her damage came from fires started by flaming debris or burning oil from the *Arizona*, moored only 75 feet astern. The *Tennessee*'s crew were able to handle their own fires and also give assistance to other battleships.

Although the *Tennessee*'s power plant remained intact, the ship was so wedged in by the sunken *West Virginia* that it was very difficult to move her. As early as Dec. 20 she got under way, in company with the *Maryland* and the *Pennsylvania*, and was given a complete overhaul and modernization at Bremerton, on Puget Sound.

The *Nevada*, with the *Arizona* between her and the *Tennessee*, was moored at the easternmost berth in battleship row. She was lucky that she had no ship tied up alongside to restrict her movements, and she was superbly handled by Lt.

Cmdr. Francis J. Thomas, senior officer on board. Despite her exposed position, the *Nevada* suffered only one torpedo hit, and that well forward. Dive bombers made two or three hits. Thomas decided to stand out. A fleet of dive bombers attacked her again. Fearing that she might sink in the channel, Admiral Furlong sent two tugs to her, and they beached her on hard bottom at Waipo Point, opposite the southern end of Ford island. There the ship's crew brought fires under control and secured.

The remaining pair of battleships, moored to the next berth forward, was the *Maryland* and the *Oklahoma*. The latter, in the outboard position, was hit very early in the fight. Three torpedoes struck her in rapid succession. Listing prevented all but one or two machine guns from firing. Word was passed to abandon ship, and the men were directed over the ship's starboard side as she rolled. They were strafed as they crawled over, and explosions from high-level bombers hit all around. The *Oklahoma* stopped rolling only when her masts caught in the mud of the harbor bottom.

The *Maryland*, protected from torpedoes by the *Oklahoma*, was the luckiest battleship. Just as the attack started, Seaman L. V. Short broke off addressing Christmas cards to operate a machine gun, and got himself a torpedo plane before it could launch. Only two officers

and two men were killed or missing, and 14 men wounded, out of 108 officers and 1,496 men on board. Damage to the ship was slight. The Navy Yard completed temporary repairs on the *Maryland* by Dec. 20 without taking her into dry dock, and she was the first of the battle fleet to return to active service, in February, 1942.

The flagship of Vice Adm. W. S. Pye, the *California*, was at the southernmost berth. Although the last of the battleships to be hit, she was less prepared than any for the blows. She was torpedoed and bombed, flames from floating oil engulfed her stern, and she slowly settled into the mud.

The *Pennsylvania*, flagship of the Pacific fleet, was in the permanent dry dock in the Navy Yard, on the opposite side of the main channel, facing shoreward. All her anti-aircraft batteries were promptly manned, and rapidly brought into action. Enemy bombers raked her and two destroyers, and a bomb penetrated the *Pennsylvania*'s boat deck and exploded below. She lost two officers and 16 men, and 30 men were wounded, but the ship suffered no great damage. She left dry dock on Dec. 12, and went to the West Coast for overhaul.

The battleship *Arizona*, moored astern of the *Tennessee*, took the worst beating, suffered the greatest casualties, and became a total loss. Although moored inboard, she had little protection, for the outboard

berth was occupied by the repair ship *Vestal*, beyond which the *Arizona*'s bow projected about 100 feet.

The *Arizona* barely had time to sound general quarters, man battle stations, and set condition Zed (complete watertight integrity) when she received several lethal hits. One torpedo hit under turret No. 1; but the thing that broke her up was a heavy bomb beside the second turret, that penetrated the forecastle, and exploded in one of the forward magazines.

The explosion completely wrecked the forward part of the ship. Flames shot 500 feet into the air; scores of men, including Rear Adm. Isaac C. Kidd, who was on the signal bridge, and Capt. Franklin Van Valkenburgh, who was on the navigation bridge, were killed.

Shortly after, a second bomb went right down the stack; a third hit the boat deck; a fourth, the face-plate of No. 4 turret; and four more struck the superstructure between bridge and tripod mast. The *Arizona* listed radically but settled so fast that she did not capsize. A hideous business altogether: more than 1,000 men burned to a crisp or were trapped below until they drowned.

Machine guns continued firing at planes until the flames drove the men away. All ablebodied survivors remained on board fighting fires and evacuating the wounded until 10:32 A.M., although for a full half hour the ship looked like one mass

of flames. The *Arizona* lost almost four fifths of her complement: 47 officers and 1,056 men killed or missing; five officers and 39 men wounded—out of 100 officers and 1,411 men on board Dec. 1.

Many of the Japanese fighter planes and dive bombers were first sent to the two principal army air-dromes, Wheeler field, in the center of the island, and Hickam field, at Pearl Harbor, to make sure that no intercepting planes took to the air. That precaution was unnecessary. The army planes, alerted against sabotage only, were parked in close order, so that guards could be thrown around them. At Hickam, an army chaplain was just preparing his altar for an outdoor Mass when the planes struck. He made for a near-by machine gun, and blazed away at them.

Despite this and many other instances of heroic improvised defense, 18 planes and the principal installations were destroyed before 9 A.M. At Wheeler field, planes were parked with wing tips touching and in lines only 15 to 20 feet apart. There, 25 dive bombers destroyed most of the grounded planes. Bellows field, off to the east, base for a number of P-40's, was pretty much wiped out by nine Zekes. Haleiwa field, on the north coast, was the lone army field of four in Oahu to escape attack.

The Oahu army garrison had a total strength of some 60,000 officers and men. They were largely in two

concentrations, Schofield barracks, in the center of the island, and Fort Shafter, between Pearl Harbor and Honolulu, although many small detachments were located all around the island. It naturally took more time for them to assume their battle stations than for bluejackets in a ship; and their deployment was not complete until the late afternoon.

The battle was over by 10 A.M.; the last enemy planes rendezvoused over northern Oahu, and returned to their carriers.

Never in modern history was a war begun with so smashing a victory by one side, and never in recorded history did the initial victor pay so dearly for his calculated treachery. There is some question, however, whether the aviators were directed to the right targets, even from the Japanese point of view.

They did knock out the U.S. battle force and destroy the striking air power present. But they neglected permanent installations at Pearl Harbor, including the repair shops, which were able to do an amazingly quick job on the less severely damaged ships. And they did not even attempt to hit the power plant or the large fuel-oil tank farm, filled to capacity. Loss of the oil (in the opinion of Admiral Hart) would have set back our advance across the Pacific much longer than the fleet damage did.

Whatever one may conclude

about responsibility for the armed forces not being well alert, there is no doubt that the men of the fleet fought intelligently and courageously, despite the normal percentage of key officers and chiefs on week-end liberty. Splendid leadership and initiative were shown by the junior officers on whom the initial responsibility fell. As soon as news of the attack got around, cars and taxicabs were commandeered, and everyone on leave hastened to landings. There, small craft were constantly plying to and fro, in complete disregard of the bombing and strafing, bringing the wounded to the hospital and taking men to ships.

Many stories are told which illustrate the eagerness of officers to get on board. Ensign George G. Ball of the minecraft *Perry*, at breakfast with his parents at Wheeler field when the enemy struck there, jumped into his car and raced down the mountain road, under strafing by Japanese planes, all of which missed him. At Pearl City he com-

mandeered a boat to go on board his ship, found that he was senior officer, and handled her admirably the rest of the day. Ensign W. H. Sears, USNR, a turret officer of the *West Virginia*, jumped aboard a boat that took him to the cruiser *Phoenix* instead of to Ford island. Shortly after, the cruiser got under way to do battle. The captain had no need of a turret officer, so Sears dived overboard as the *Phoenix* was steaming by the burning *West Virginia*, and swam to his own ship.

The American casualties of the day were as follows.

	Killed, Missing and Died of Wounds	Wounded
Navy	2,008	710
Marine Corps	109	69
Army	218	364
Civilians	68	35
Total	2,403	1,178

The U. S. Navy lost about three times as many men in this one attack as it lost by enemy action in two previous wars, the Spanish-American and the 1st World War.



DESIGN FOR LIVING

The second graders at Whittier grade school, St. Paul, Minn., were in rare form. So far they hadn't missed identifying geometric forms held up by their teacher, Mrs. Clara Lou Anderson.

When she showed them a square, they shouted, "Square." A triangle was just as easy. And almost all knew what a rectangle is.

Then she held up an eight-sided shape.

"What is this one?" she asked.

To a child they told her, "A stop sign!"

Paul Light in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (25 Sept. '56).

The Fight That Closed the Banks

Little Shelby paid dearly for the day that made it famous

WHEN THE GREAT NORTHERN conductor announces "Shelby" in Montana at least a half-dozen middle-aged men excitedly sit up, gape through the car window, and remind other passengers that "this is where Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons fought for the world heavyweight championship in 1923."

How did a prairie town of 500 people pull such an astounding trick? Shelby dozed through the pioneer years as a market for herdsmen, but in 1922 the first big oil field in Montana was discovered in the county. This sent Shelby's ambitions soaring. Its citizens had visions of a booming Tulsa of the North.

One night a group of civic leaders and oil men were assembled in the Sunrise saloon, hilariously toasting each other. One of the revelers suggested a town celebration to signalize the oil discovery. Then the door swung open, and in strode Jim Johnson—height six feet two, weight 250 pounds—banker, merchant, and mayor of Shelby.

The mayor gave the celebration

idea his blessing. "But if we go—and I'm for it—it will be no one-horse affair. I am for shooting the moon." His decision: a world cham-



pionship fight, picking some pugilist of prominence to challenge the champion, Jack Dempsey. "Who d'you have in mind?" one of the revelers asked.

"No one at the moment," was his honor's reply, "but if you will leave the details to me I think I can make suitable arrangements."

Jim Johnson, an enthusiastic follower of athletic events, had read much about the prize-ring career of a resident of St. Paul, Minn.,

named Tommy Gibbons. Competent critics had paid Gibbons tribute as one of the fanciest boxers they had seen practice and an all-around nice boy.

Mayor Johnson, completely in character, got into action without further consultation of citizens either at home or abroad. He had wires sent to both Dempsey and Gibbons, but there was no response. Undaunted, he next got in touch with Mike Collins, a Minnesota journalist and boxing promoter who was a close friend of Gibbons.

Stepping off the train several days later, Collins took a wide-eyed look at the prairie village, and with a candor never displayed by a politician announced, "This town is small and raw and must be subsisting on nerve. You have no hotels worth the name, no arena, and no large centers to draw from. I suspect you have no money. I'm leaving on the next train."

The mayor was not ready to quit. He called in a few friends, and to Collins' amazement they pledged around \$25,000 for a starter. Collins was asked to make a little talk.

"You are a game lot, but until you raise \$100,000 neither Dempsey nor Gibbons will talk to you. I very much doubt that either one knows there is such a place as Shelby. After you do raise \$100,000 you will have to deal with Jack Kearns, Dempsey's hard-boiled manager. Since you are so sporty, I'll

do all I can for you. My guess is that Kearns will demand \$300,000 to guarantee the fight."

The details of drawing up and signing of articles of agreement took place at Chicago in May, 1923. The terms provided that Dempsey was to receive the first \$300,000 of the gate; Gibbons, 50% of everything above that amount. The promoters gave Kearns an initial deposit of \$100,000. The fight was to be held on July 4.

Tex Rickard, the Madison Square promoter, had been angling to stage the fight in New York. When told that it was to be in a town in the far wastelands named Shelby, he expressed skepticism over the existence of such a town and hinted slyly that Kearns was trying a ruse to force concessions from him.

The sports writers of Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles dailies were generous, seeming to feel that the western country at last was putting something over on the snobbish eastern fight czars. The New York, Boston, and Philadelphia dailies suddenly took notice of the doings "in a town named Shelby, somewhere west of the Mississippi river."

The formal announcement that the fight would actually take place in Shelby spread far and wide. The town's population jumped from 500 to 5,000 within a month. The two hotels, the food-serving places, and the speakeasies were unable to provide adequate service. Bootleggers who hauled their wares out of

Canada had to purchase many more cars.

Shacks and tents dotted the hill-sides for long distances on every side. The Great Northern built spur tracks to accommodate the special trains that were supposed to arrive from the big cities. An arena with a capacity of 50,000 people was under construction.

About two weeks before the "battle of the ages" a number of top-line sports writers moved into Shelby and limbered up their typewriters.

They were confused by the up-and-down financial reports that were coming from behind closed doors of Great Falls hotel rooms, reports one day that the fight was off, the next day that it was on again. They didn't want to hurt the prestige of their papers by sending out hot-and-cold copy. Most of them turned to fantasy.

Westbrook Pegler led off with a yarn about a railway section hand and a sheepherder; the sheepherder, an ardent backer of Dempsey, the section hand, a firm believer in Gibbons. Their debating forum was the center of unpaved Main St., in the midst of a heavy downpour. The last he saw of them, Pegler reported, was four arms waving out of the sticky gumbo.

The financial muddle grew worse and worse. When the time came for Kearns to receive his second \$100,000, the backers found themselves short of that amount by 98%.

The place where the substantial elements in the state were trying to untangle the mess was in the office of George H. Stanton, head of the Stanton Trust & Savings bank in Great Falls.

Stanton was trying in an agonizing way to enlist the support of men of means in Great Falls and Butte to save the state's honor by assurance that the fight plans would not prove a flop. He pledged a large sum of the bank's money to Jim Johnson, and the second deposit was made a day late.

The third and last \$100,000 was to be paid July 2, but Shelby couldn't quite make it, supposedly because so many doubted that the contest would ever come off. Pledges of support were not being kept, sheafs of tickets sent out to Montana business leaders failed to bring cash returns. The builder of the arena was threatening suit. The Great Northern and other railroads had canceled all special trains.

During all this time Kearns had remained adamant—no money, no fight. But when July 2 came, and Johnson and Stanton revealed that they didn't have the money, he relented and gave out the news that the fight must go on. There was still a hope that with a firm announcement, ticket sales might redeem the situation.

The morning of the fight, when thousands were milling around outside the arena and offering to buy the \$20-to-\$50 tickets at \$10 a

throw, Kearns softened up some more. Seated by a bushel basket, with Internal Revenue agents standing close by, Kearns opened his bargain counter, tossing \$10 bills into the basket and silver dollars into a gunnysack.

But hundreds in the mob, spurred on by the noted gate crasher One-Eye Connolly, resolved in caucus that even \$10 was \$10 too much. Ignoring guards, they slashed the wire fencing and made a dash for the arena. Most of the mob found seats in the front rows.

During the 15 rounds of fighting the crowd was well behaved. In the main, they represented well-mannered, sporting Montana people. The gate crashers seemed well satisfied to keep their places and remain peaceful. The roughs and thugs and slickies, starved out long before the day of the battle, had departed for other, greener pastures.

Dempsey won the decision but Gibbons stayed with him for 15 rounds, the longest any contender had ever withstood his smashing punches. Dempsey, a man stingy with words, paid warm tribute to Tommy as the neatest boxer of them all. "Every time I tried to corner him he danced away and faded like a ghost." In later years Jack and Tom met often and became fast friends.

Kearns and Dempsey collected \$280,000 of their \$300,000 guarantee; Gibbons and the promoters got nothing.

The members of the press who were stationed at Shelby during the preliminaries and witnessed the climax all grew fond of Mayor Jim Johnson. Through all his setbacks, Johnson never winced over his bad fortune—even after his bank, the other Shelby bank, one in Great Falls, and a satellite in the small town of Joplin were closed.

One of the most unsentimental journalists of the lot said he almost wept when watching an officer nail a "mash note" (a writ of replevin) on Johnson's bank the morning after the battle. A moment later, Jim emerged from the bank and, widely grinning, asked the depressed news hound if he could lend him two bits for a shave.

About a year later, fortune forgot her frowns and smiled soothingly on Mayor Jim Johnson. A gusher well came in on one of his leases, and a plume of oil blackened the surrounding prairie. This strike brought him back to prosperity.

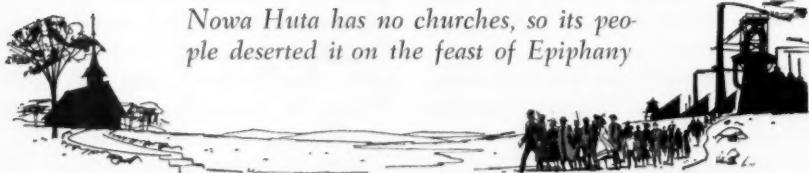
After this discovery, the Shelby Commercial club framed a telegram to Tex Rickard. "Mayor Jim Johnson back in the millions result rich oil discovery stop Mayor Johnson anxious promote another world-championship fight Shelby stop he and other citizens ready pledge five million placed in bank of your choosing stop selection contenders left you stop urge immediate reply."

There was no reply from Mr. Rickard.

By S. L. Shneiderman
Condensed from "The Reporter"*

Red Poland's 'Model' City

Nowa Huta has no churches, so its people deserted it on the feast of Epiphany



Nowa Huta (New Mill) is Red Poland's model city. The new community, which I visited a few months ago, is on the fertile black earth surrounding the ancient village of Mogila, near Cracow. Where only seven years ago was a wheat-covered plain, there now tower the giant smokestacks of Poland's greatest steel plant. Beneath them has mushroomed a brand-new city of about 100,000 people.

They have come from all over Poland. Young men and women were brought to the place in freight cars, in trucks, even in carts. Intoxicated with slogans about the "ideal classless city," to be born without the inherent injustice of "decaying capitalism," they could hardly wait to start living in utopia.

From June 13, 1949, when the first workmen began digging to lay the foundations, Poland's manpower and Russia's industry were placed at the disposal of the giant enterprise. While those who manned the distant plants that produced the

necessary materials lived on starvation wages and stood drearily in line for bread and potato rations, the builders of Nowa Huta got the best food available.

Built without resort to any private enterprise, Nowa Huta contains hundreds of prefabricated barracks and rooming houses, 314 stores, and 112 workers' "cooperative" enterprises: shops for tailoring, shoemaking, watch repairing, carpentry, lockmaking, and barbership. There are 14 nurseries and 20 schools, in addition to hospitals, clinics, drugstores, restaurants, cafes, and bars. There are no churches.

The steel plant is named after Lenin. It was modeled on the Soviet Union's giant steel mills at Magnitogorsk and Zaporozhe, with up-to-date improvements. The equipment is the very model of automation. Trains of freight cars move through the plant over a 70-mile rail network to large automatic loading cranes. The management claims that the rolling mill is the

*136 E. 57th St., New York City 22, Oct. 4, 1956. © 1956 by The Reporter Magazine Co., and reprinted with permission.

largest one of its kind in the world.

Although Polish is my native tongue, on my first visit to this strange new city I engaged the services of an official guide. He was quite willing to tell me all he knew about the city. He explained that the Communist party's theory in creating Nowa Huta was to create a vibrant capital of industry to symbolize the new Poland under communism. It would be a model laboratory out of which would come the New Man of Poland.

For all their success at producing steel, the communists have not succeeded at revising human nature in Nowa Huta. The people work hard in the mills, and listen to lectures about the disciplined "new man" of Poland, but when they get home from work, the grim atmosphere of the mills vanishes and the vodka bottle makes its appearance.

The problems of the model socialist city are discussed with astonishing frankness in the local newspaper, a daily called *We Build Socialism*. Since the decanonization of Stalin began in the Soviet Union, criticism has become increasingly sharp in Polish papers.

The food shortage was featured prominently in a serialization of the novel *Hard Roads*, which was running in *We Build Socialism* when I was in Nowa Huta. Here is a sample of the narrative:

"What's the use?" Boguszewicz said angrily. "This morning the workers threw away their shovels

and said they wouldn't work any more."

"Director Korta became excited. 'Why?' he asked.

"How can I explain it to you? Just because there's nothing to eat! You understand, Comrade Director, we have no sugar, no meats, no fats, not even bread."

"That's a pretty story."

"Luckily, the foreman felt he could handle these people. Today he quieted them, but the situation continues serious. If all the food should give out—and that could be tomorrow, throughout this whole area—what would happen then? In such an event there might even be a demonstration."

This novel appeared only a few months before the Poznan uprising. Notice that the reason given for possible trouble is not the provocation of the paid agents of imperialism but simply a shortage of food.

It was quite clear to me that the shortage was real, not fictional. Beneath the heading "An Empty Canteen," *We Build Socialism* said: "The distribution of food in our city is lagging. The shelves of Canteen No. 16 hold only soap, toothpaste, shoe polish, and large cartons of a hardtack you can hardly put in your mouth. The workers who are building the hospital in our neighborhood are unable to obtain anything to eat, except from time to time a bit of sausage that makes their stomachs turn."

The City Council announced,

"We cannot obtain any underwear, clothing, or children's shoes. There is a grave shortage of workshirts, women's underwear, and socks. There are no electrical appliances and no pharmaceuticals. There is a heavy shortage of furniture. Particularly critical is the food shortage, notably the lack of meat, vegetables, fruit, and canned fish."

There were other complaints. In one item headed simply "B-r-r-r-r-l" the readers of *We Build Socialism* were informed that their fellow workers in Block 3, Quarter 25-A, were shivering with cold. "If the administration demands rent why do they not provide us with heat, so that we won't be forced to go to the homes of friends on cold winter nights to get warm and get a little sleep?"

I learned at first hand about food in the model city in the Warsaw restaurant, where the communist leaders eat regularly. Inside were two rows of massive columns, from which the paint was already flaking, though the building was barely a year old. The tablecloths were filthy.

My party all ordered the regular and only dinner, which consisted of tripe soup, lamb, potatoes, and rice. I started hungrily on the soup, but my chauffeur suddenly spat out a mouthful, exclaiming, "Flies!"

At first I thought he was joking. But he yelled for the waiter, and displayed two flies he had fished from the soup on the tip of his

spoon. My appetite vanished. Meanwhile, the waiter removed the chauffeur's soup, returning in a little while with a fresh serving. Once again the chauffeur pounded the table, shouting, "The stuff is crawling with flies!"

At this point my guide took over and called for the manager. The manager groveled. "The presence of flies on a winter day is something I cannot explain," he told me. "It must be sabotage."

As we left the place, my guide winked broadly at me. "The principal object in Nowa Huta is to build socialism," he said. "This means to produce steel, not so much for ourselves as for the Soviet Union. Flies in the soup are unimportant."

One Friday morning when I arrived in Nowa Huta to have a look around on my own after the guided tour, I was surprised to find that the city seemed deserted. All the stores were closed, also the Warsaw restaurant.

I went from house to house and knocked at a number of doors, but no one answered. Finally one door opened and a gypsy woman stuck her head out. "Today is the feast of Epiphany," she explained. "They've all gone to church in Mogila." (Nowa Huta is the only churchless city in Poland.)

Sure enough, I found the narrow road to Mogila crowded with men, women, and children in two rows, one going toward the church, the

other leaving it. In the crowd were hundreds of young couples pushing baby carriages or leading small children by the hand. It struck me that there were very few older people in the crowd. At any rate, religion certainly doesn't seem to be restricted only to those who remember the old order.

I fell into conversation with one of the young couples, and they answered my questions freely and frankly. They said that when the city was under construction several years before, they had worked on holy days and seldom had dared go to church. This year, however, no one was working on the holy day except the maintenance crew. They informed me, too, that the church in Mogila conducts hourly services from six in the morning all through

the day every Sunday and holy day.

In the huge church courtyard, several hundred people were waiting their turn to go in to Mass. Meanwhile, they were busily buying packets of incense, holy pictures, crucifixes, and rosaries. All of them were made at Czestochowa, the great mass-production center for religious articles in Poland; this specialized industry is the only sector of the economy that is still operating—and thriving—under private enterprise.

I was not allowed to take any photographs in the church. This and the steel plant at Nowa Huta were the only things I was not allowed to photograph during my stay in Poland. Curiously enough, they were the only two institutions that seemed to be going full blast.



IN OUR HOUSE

In our house (as in most, I suspect) the children are greatly addicted to watching television. My husband and I have been somewhat concerned about this, but we weren't moved to take any action until the other day. That was when this happened: from upstairs, I called down to Jerry, our five-year-old, to tell me what time it was.

"The long hand is on Channel 5, mama, and the little hand is on Channel 2," he replied.

Ruth M. Walsh.



The result of Catholic training was clearly demonstrated in the case of my three-year-old grandson. Our family was gathered around the TV set, watching the Mass being broadcast from Boston. After watching with great interest for a long time, little Johnny decided to go into another room. Before leaving, however, he made a most devout genuflection before the TV screen, then went quietly about his business elsewhere.

Alida Rice.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

First Christmas In the New World

It brought both disaster and joy to Christopher Columbus

By June A. Grindle



IT WAS A languorous night of stars and setting moon, and it was Christmas Eve. Off the northern coast of the recently discovered island of Hispaniola, now Haiti, two vessels, the *Santa María* and the *Niña*, made their way eastward.

Moonlight and shadow mingled in rippling mystery on the sea. The wind was barely strong enough to billow the canvas into a proud display of a green cross on a white field, flanked by the crowned initials *F* and *Y*. These were the initials of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain and the insignia of the first voyage of discovery to the New World, headed by history's most famous explorer, Christopher Columbus.

On the deck of the *Santa María*, 14-year-old Pedro blinked hard to keep his eyes open and to concentrate

on the grains trickling through the sandglass. He was a "gromet," or cabin boy, and his job was to watch the sand-

glass and to turn it every half hour. When he turned it, he took a deep breath which he let go in sound, if not song, that could be heard from end to end of the ship. By the words of his ditty the sailors could tell the time.

Now, it was 11 o'clock on the night of Dec. 24, 1492, just one hour before Christmas. As the last grains settled in the base of the sandglass, Pedro turned it and rent the air with:

*Seven has just fallen,
Eight is in the mill.
More time in sand will grind
If the Lord so will.
To our God above we pray
For a safe and good journey.*

"Amen say I to that, boy!" said a voice behind him. "And may I not hear the clamor of your tongue again till dawn. I'll wager you could founder the walls of a dozen Jerichos!"

Pedro turned to the tall figure pacing the quarter deck. Penetrating blue eyes were scrutinizing him with something that suggested amusement. But Pedro was discomfited. He did not enjoy a very good conscience and could never make up his mind as to whether Christopher Columbus was teasing him or not.

The mass of white hair framing a long, lean face, the high cheek bones and aquiline nose, gave his admiral an air of great authority. He prayed so much that Pedro was convinced he must usually be engaged in lofty thought. Pedro fervently hoped that all that prayer did not give one the power of knowing what he had not seen. How he, Pedro, for example, would sometimes break the ship's strictest rule and snatch a turn at the great tiller. His burning ambition was to be a helmsman, but Columbus had expressly forbidden even the touching of the tiller by any boy, "in calm or storm."

"Don't look so frightened, boy," said Columbus, laughing. "I'm joking. That's what gromets are for: to make a rousing noise and pray vociferously over the sands of time. You, for one, could not be said to have missed your vocation."

"Yes—I mean No, Sir Captain,"

said Pedro dubiously, eyeing the tiller.

At that moment Juan de la Cosa, part owner of the *Santa María* and second in command to Columbus, arrived on the quarter deck to take over the night watch.

"Ah, there you are, Juan," said the admiral. "Good. I can go and bunk down now. Two days and a night without sleep leave a man weary. I can hardly keep my eyes open. At least, there should be no trouble tonight. The sea is as motionless as a cup of water."

"That's right, sir," said Juan. "What's more, it is the first time during the entire voyage that we are covering charted waters. It was a good thought to send the ship's boat ahead to map our course along the coast. Bunk down while you may, Sir Captain. You're not likely to get a more propitious night for it. And for what better Christmas gift could a man ask than a good night's sleep?"

"Just one," murmured Columbus almost to himself, but with an intensity that was surprising. "Just one, Juan."

"And what is that, Sir Captain?" asked the ship's master.

"Gold, man, gold, so that our sovereigns may regain the Holy Sepulcher!"

"Well, there is still hope, Sir Captain," said Juan. "We are not done with discovering yet, and there is already evidence that this land we have found that looks like a

terrestrial paradise will yield up gold."

"The Indians wear gold ornaments, Sir Captain," cried Pedro hopefully. "They must have got them somewhere."

"True enough, boy, but where? I tell you, I need a whole mine to yield enough to furnish an expedition to the Holy Land. I would

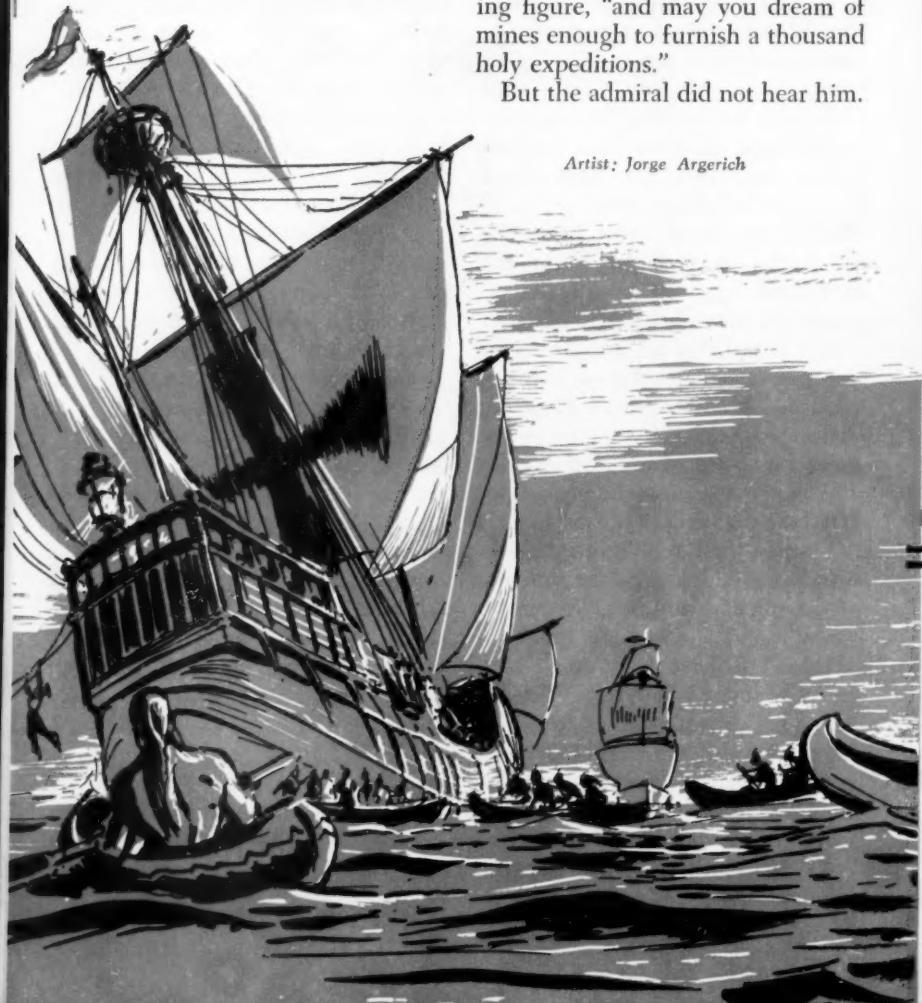
willingly circle this world to find it for such a cause. May our Lord in his goodness guide me."

"But," he added, with a smile, "Christmas or no, that is a prayer that is hardly likely to be answered tonight. To your duties now, lads, and may God give you good eyes."

"And good rest to you, Sir Captain," called Juan after the retreating figure, "and may you dream of mines enough to furnish a thousand holy expeditions."

But the admiral did not hear him.

Artist: Jorge Argerich



He had reached his cabin and was already lost in meditation.

Gold was not the subject of his thoughts. He was remembering that it was Christmas. In his mind's ear he could hear the bells of Europe tolling, as was the custom of the time, a sonorous warning to the powers of darkness that the Prince of Light and Peace was about to make his entry into the world. He was remembering that at midnight they would burst into peals of jubilant chimes to welcome God in-

carnate as the Babe of Bethlehem. Comforted by his brief meditation, Columbus gave thanks and fell asleep.

On the quarter deck, Juan de la Cosa was giving instructions to the helmsman to steer by a star and, surprisingly enough, ordering the man to wake him at the slightest change in wind or weather. Surprising, because Juan de la Cosa was responsible for the night watch and his duty was to keep sleepless vigil until 3 A.M.



In 1492 the fall of Granada ended the Moorish empire in the South of Spain. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, until then exempted from the Holy Wars, were with the victory of Granada enabled to turn their thoughts toward Palestine. Christopher Columbus, in his first voyage of discovery, dreamed not only that he was sailing "west to find the East" but above all that he was laboring for the deliverance of the Holy Land (a fruitless dream), and he "bore the cross upon his breast."

It was only a very short time after the ship's master had retired that the grizzled helmsman kicked Pedro, who was nodding over the sand-glass, and startled the boy into wakefulness. "Wake up, boy! Wake up, I say! If it's a helmsman you would be, come; I give you the tiller for a Christmas present. Steer by that star now, and if there is change in wind or weather, rouse me." And without more ado, the old seaman curled up on the floor and promptly went to sleep.

The first exhilaration of an independent turn at the great tiller was indeed like a Christmas treat to Pedro. His heart soared and he was happy.

But presently, straining his ears, and hearing nothing but the jarring of the rudder on its gudgeons, and all the creaking, slapping, rattling

discord that wood and rope and canvas combine to produce in a calm, Pedro became apprehensive. He listened with all his might, but no murmur of human voices came to his ears, nor the familiar padding sound of bare feet on board. Nothing, in fact, that he could trace to human sources but the heavy snoring of the sleeping helmsman.

Apprehension turned into fear. Pedro's heart froze as the realization dawned that out of the 40 men and boys aboard the ship, he alone was awake.

Desperately the boy looked seaward for assurance, and found none. Even the ghostly silhouette of the *Niña* had disappeared. Pedro tightened his grip on the tiller, and looked frantically towards the sandglass. There, at least, was some comfort. Only a little while now and the sands would be run out. Then he would launch into his midnight ditty. That surely would wake someone.

"I must stick it out," thought Pedro, "I must. If they think I'm scared they'll laugh at me and never give me another chance at the tiller, maybe. There's not long to go now. God help me, what's *that*?"

Out of the night, a distant booming came to his ears, muffled but persistent, and seeming to draw nearer.

"It must be the wind," thought Pedro. "I can wake the helmsman. But no—the billowing of the sails has not changed. What can it be?"



If only that sand would run a little faster!"

The booming increased in volume, and Pedro began to feel a rising panic. As he clung to the great tiller, fear streamed in icy rivulets down his face, and his eyes became glued to the sandglass like those of a bird hypnotized by a snake.

At last, the grains settled in the base of the glass. Pedro snatched it up and took a deep breath for his song: the song announcing the first Christmas in the New World.

Even as he did so there was a crash, so resounding "that it might be heard a league off." The tiller shuddered and trembled under his grip as if caught in the strain of a mighty current, and the booming turned into the thunderous roaring of waves hurling themselves against the hull of a grounded ship.

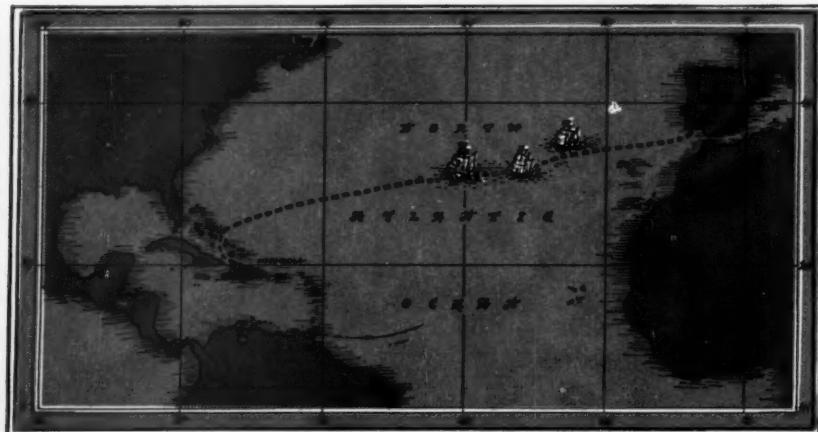
It was no pious ditty then, that

heralded the first Christmas in the New World, but a protracted, ear-splitting yell, because, as Columbus later recorded in his logbook, "the boy gave tongue." And that he did mightily, fit to scare the wits out of the world.

Columbus was the first on deck, followed by Juan de la Cosa and every man and boy aboard. From then on it was a shouting of orders, yelling, and imprecations and labor the night through.

The *Santa María*, having sailed with impunity across the dreaded and uncharted "Sea of Darkness," as the Atlantic was then known, had, in the languorous calm of a Christmas night of stars and setting moon, drifted to her destruction on a reef off the island of Hispaniola.

It was Pedro's first time at sea, and he had failed to recognize in the sound that had so troubled him a reverberant warning of the perils





of a pounding surf on the coral reef.

Desperate efforts were made to save the flagship of the first voyage of discovery. Her mainmast was cut away, and precious stores were hurled overboard in a frenzied attempt to lighten her. The *Niña*'s boat came alongside to help, but to no avail. The *Santa María* was driven high onto the reef, and, lying helplessly athwart the seas, was mercilessly pounded on the jagged coral by the heavy swell surging in from seaward until her seams burst and water poured into her hull.

There was nothing to be done but to abandon ship and stand by until dawn watching helplessly from the decks of the *Niña*.

As the sun rose on Christmas day Columbus sent two men ashore for help.

The people of the island of Hispaniola were Taino Indians. "A handsome people," wrote Columbus, "all of good stature," who painted their faces and their bodies red or white and gathered their coarse hair "into a hank behind that they wear long and never cut."

For all their warlike appearance, the Tainos were the gentlest of people. Their cardinal precept was the rule of charity. They were, wrote Columbus, "so free with all they have that no one would believe it who has not seen it." The man who dominated all of the northwestern region of Hispaniola at that time was one Guacanagarí, "and that

The *Pinta*, the third vessel of the first voyage of discovery, was not with the *Santa María* and the *Niña* that Christmas day in 1492. Martín Alonso Pinzón, in command of the *Pinta*, had left Columbus nearly five weeks before, it is presumed on an independent search for gold. He did not rejoin the admiral until the second week of the new year, 1493.

king," said Columbus, "was virtuous above all."

He sent every canoe he had and "all the people of the town" to help the admiral that calamitous Christmas day. From dawn to dusk, Spaniards and Indians labored to discharge what remained of the ship's cargo and save what could be saved.

Guacanagarí gave over two large houses to the Spaniards, with the promise of more if necessary. From time to time he sent his relatives to the admiral aboard the *Niña*, begging him "not to be troubled or annoyed" and assuring him "that he would give him *all he had*."

The work done, Guacanagarí went himself to the admiral. He found him as his brothers had reported, quite inconsolable for the loss of the *Santa María* and bitterly lamenting the insubordination that had brought her to such an inglorious end. No gold, and now no ship. The Spanish sovereigns would not be pleased.

Guacanagarí stood wretchedly by with a great longing in his heart to be able to comfort the admiral, when suddenly he was distracted by a sound he had never heard before. Quickly he turned, and his eyes grew big with wonder at the sight of a thing he had never seen before.

Over the side of the *Niña* the Spanish sailors were waving at a group of Tainos in a canoe something that seemed to Guacanagarí to be "solid sound." The Indians were gesticulating and shouting excitedly.

"*Chuquel! Chuquel!*" they cried, trying to imitate the noise dangling from the sailors' hands.

So eager were they to possess it, they tore gold ornaments from their ears and necks and noses and threw them to the Spaniards, who pocketed them, and from a fast diminishing store flung back jingling hawk bells.

Guacanagarí watched in silence as long as he could. Then, seeing the supply of bells rapidly dwindling, he could contain himself no longer. He turned to Columbus, and with excited gestures indicated that for just one bell he would give the admiral "four pieces of gold as big as his hand."

Dumbfounded, Columbus stared at Guacanagarí's outstretched palm and then looked searchingly into the Indian's face. He questioned Guacanagarí eagerly. By signs, the Taino king informed him that there was a place at hand where gold could be had in abundance.

And his heart was happy because the admiral was suddenly merry. He did not know that in his outstretched palm Columbus saw Jerusalem conquered.

Columbus wrote later of that first Christmas in the New World and the wreck of the *Santa María*, "So many things came to hand that in truth it was no disaster but great luck; for it is certain that if I had not run aground I should have kept to sea without anchoring in this place."

Pedro's inexperience had, indeed, far-reaching results. It was on the island of Hispaniola that the first settlement in the New World took place. A fortress was built with the wreckage of the *Santa María* at the admiral's orders and named *La Navidad* in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem, in remembrance of the day that witnessed history's most memorable shipwreck and the first Christmas in the New World.



OUT OF THE DEPTHS

During the 2nd World War, a certain cellar in Cologne was frequently used as a hiding place by escaped prisoners of war. Later, this inscription was found scrawled on one of the walls of the cellar: "I believe in the sun, even if it is not shining. I believe in love, even when feeling it not. I believe in God, even when He is silent."

Dr. L. Binder.



the Open Door

A FRIEND who collects antique crib figures presented me with a Neapolitan crib more than 200 years old. The clothes of the once richly dressed figures were in a deplorable state. I set about to restore them.

Our gardener was a fallen-away Catholic, who up to now had failed to respond to either my prayers or my counsel. He had married out of the Church.

When I finished re-dressing the madonna, I showed it to him. He gazed in admiration; excitedly declared he was coming back into the Church. He so notified his wife, and she said the family should be of one faith. Both received instructions, had their marriage rectified, and their two children baptized.

Mrs. Frederick Doyle.

I, A NUN, was taking my driver's test. As we pulled onto the road, I said to the inspector beside me, "I'll drive; you pray."

"What! That order should be reversed," he replied, crisply. "But you can save your praying for church."

"You can pray and drive at the same time, you know," I said. "You don't have to do two things at once. Just make a good intention, and what you are doing becomes praying."

From then on it was all business—until the test was completed. "You've

got me curious," he said. The upshot of our renewed conversation was my directing him to a priest for instructions. Oh, yes, I got my driver's license.

A Sister.

CHARLES NEEDED more proof to be converted. He got it, over the radio, in a demonstration of the universality of the Church.

It was 12:10 on Christmas morning when he twirled his radio knob. Midnight Mass was in progress; the very first words he heard were: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" He tuned in a different station, to hear: "Tu solus Dominus." Again he switched: more Latin!

Here was the proof he needed for conviction. Only the one true Church could be *that* universal. He is now a good practicing Catholic. George Sun.

WHEN I was a little girl, a Catholic family moved into our neighborhood. We had never had one before. They were nice people, but it was whispered that they conducted seances in the evenings. Secretly, I went to their house; a flicker was visible beneath the drawn shade. I peeked in, and saw—no seance, but father, mother, and children kneeling at their family Rosary. I made the little trip often, and so impressed was I with such devotion that I made up my mind that when I grew up and had a family, we would pray likewise. Later, I did become a Catholic.

As told to Mary Helena Smith.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: As a non-Catholic, much interested in the Bible, my big question is: Why do you persist in saying Mass with a Latin Bible, so that nobody understands it? I believe that if the book were read in plain English it would promote the reading of the Bible, to the benefit of everybody.

E. Colman.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

Mr. Colman, I will preface my answer with a brief explanation of the Mass. Unless we understand what the Mass is we cannot possibly understand why it is said in Latin. And please don't consider my explanation a reflection on your personal knowledge. Most non-Catholics, and many Catholics, are rather vague about the real nature

and the importance of the Mass.

First of all, the Mass is a religious sacrifice. A sacrifice is the giving up of something, for a purpose. A religious sacrifice is the offering of something to God, and giving it up to Him for his glory: as an expression of our love and submission, to give thanks to Him, to make up for our sins and offenses against Him, and to beg his further favors.

Religious sacrifices have been common in most all the religions of the world. In some of the primitive religions they were crude and revolting. But in the religion which God revealed to the Jews, sacrifices were used to express deep religious convictions, belief, and understanding. However, even the sacrifices of the Jewish religion had no inherent value. Their value came from the hearts of those who offered them. God was pleased with their love and submission.

Our own religious sacrifice, the Mass, is different. It has value in itself. It is inherently pleasing to God.

The Mass has value in itself because it is a continuation of Calvary, a projection of the cross down through time and space. It brings the crucifixion to us so that we can

have part in it. We have part in it by offering Christ's own sacrifice in union with Him. We have part in it by uniting ourselves to Christ as the victim offered, giving our love and the promise of our service to God. And we have part in it by receiving the benefits of Christ's redemptive sacrifice into our own souls. The Mass has value because Christ is in it, offering Himself to God in sacrifice of love and adoration, and giving Himself to us, in grace and sanctification.

It may not, Mr. Colman, be immediately apparent to you how the Mass can be a continuation of Calvary. You probably consider it, instead, a memorial of the Last Supper. It is both. The two are but parts of our Lord's last day on earth as mortal man—the day devoted completely to the work of our redemption. The Mass had its beginning and institution at the Last Supper and received the full measure of its effectiveness in the crucifixion.

The two events are close in time and sequence: our Lord went directly from the Last Supper to the Garden of Gethsemane, where He began those sufferings which were to continue without interruption until his death. But even more closely are these two great events united in meaning and purpose. They form one continuous project for the redemption and salvation of mankind. Note the words of St.

Luke (22:19), and St. Paul, who says (I Cor. 11:24), "This is my Body which shall be given up for you"; and the words of St. Luke in the following verse: "This cup is the new covenant in my Blood, which shall be shed for you." (See also Matt. 26:28.)

Both St. Luke and St. Paul quote the words of our Lord, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." And St. Paul continues, "As often as you shall eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the death of the Lord, until He comes."

Our Lord left us a memorial. But it is not a plaque or a monument; it is living and real. What He did we are to do in memory of Him; and our act is not an empty gesture of imitation: it brings Christ to us. The bread becomes his Body; the wine becomes his Blood, and the separation of the two on the altar recalls by effective symbolism the real separation of Christ's Blood from his Body on Calvary. He continues the sacrifice of the cross and permits us to make it our sacrifice of adoration. And then He gives Himself to us.

So you see that the Mass is primarily an action, something which happens on our altar, in which we have a part. If it were merely a ceremony for our inspiration, a public prayer, and a collection of Scriptural readings for our instruction, then it should be in English by all means. Otherwise, it would lose its

effectiveness entirely. But when we consider the great act of Sacrifice and Communion that the Mass really is, then the language becomes secondary.

When I say that the language is secondary, I do not mean that it is unimportant. On the contrary, the Scriptural readings, prayers, and hymns of Mass should serve as a means by which all the members of the congregation unite themselves with the priest at the altar and with Jesus Christ, the supreme Priest, in a collective offering. For this reason, many Catholics today, both priests and laity, hold it desirable that many parts of the Mass should be in English. But the Church is conservative, and moves slowly in making changes; and even the most impatient among us have confidence in her judgment.

In the beginning, the Mass was in Aramaic, the language of our Lord. But as the Church spread into the countries outside of Palestine, Greek became the language of the Mass. Even at Rome, Greek was used until the 3rd century. But by that time very few Romans knew Greek; so the Mass was gradually changed into Latin, the language of the people.

Once the Mass got into Latin it stayed there. There are many reasons: Latin was in wide and general use, a language of antiquity and influence, of learning and literature, a common means of inter-

national communication. For many centuries, there was no other language to give it serious competition.

It is quite possible that the literary growth of English, German, French, and Italian and the impetus of the printing press would have changed Latin to the vernacular languages in the Mass about the 16th century, had it not been for the Protestant Reformation. The reformers, generally, denied reality to the Mass. For many of them the Body and Blood of Jesus were not really present; and for none of them was the Mass a sacrifice, in the true sense. To them, it had lost its meaning as an act; its only purpose was to inspire and instruct. To accomplish that purpose, it had to be in the vernacular, so that the people would understand it, and thus have their faith enlivened—because it was only through faith that they could be sanctified.

Thus the demand for the vernacular in the Mass came to be associated with heresy. The Council of Trent found it necessary to condemn the proposition of the reformers that the Mass must be in the vernacular. So we would not be far wrong in saying that the Protestant Reformation caused a delay of four centuries in the change of the Mass from Latin into English.

However, there are many other reasons why the Mass remains in Latin. Probably the most powerful reason is the inertia of custom. For

about 17 centuries, the Mass has been said in Latin in most of the Catholic world.

There are certain advantages in having a dead language for the Mass. It always remains the same, and does not need revision every few years. It avoids vulgar connotations. It has the same meaning in all parts of the world and in every century. It has evident advantage for both lay and priest travelers.

To most Catholics, Latin has come to be a symbol of the unity and universality of the Church. The language of the Mass is the same in India and the U. S. A.; the same in the 9th century and the 20th. And it keeps the rites and ceremonies unchanged, just as the official use of Latin by the Church assures the integrity of her teachings in all ages and all lands.

In spite of all these reasons in favor of Latin, there is a growing feeling in the Church today that this dead language, generally unknown to the people except by sound, prevents the laity from participating as closely in the offering of the Mass as they should. Recent Popes, beginning with St. Pius X, early in this century, have urged increased participation of the laity, stressing the unity of all members of the Church, as living cells in the Mystical Body of Christ.

Mr. Colman, I should indicate a little mistake in your letter. The book we use for the Mass is not

the Bible, though probably 75% of it is taken directly from the Bible. We call it the missal. And now most of the people have their own missals, translations of the one the priest uses. This permits them to follow more closely and intelligently. But since each one is reading his own little book rather than listening to the words of the priest, or joining with him, the desired unity of prayer and action is still lacking.

There are indications today that at least parts of the Mass will be changed into English in a few years. The Church has given encouragement and approval in recent years to a translation of the *Ritual*, the book used for the administration of the sacraments and for various blessings. But in a recent worldwide liturgical conference held at Assisi, official indication was given that the Church is not yet ready to permit use at the altar of a vernacular missal.

Of course, Latin is not essential to the valid celebration of the Mass. From the earliest times the Mass has been said in various tongues, and even today, in the Eastern Churches (Catholic) the Mass is said in Greek and Slavonic; in classical Armenian, Coptic, and Syriac, with parts in Arabic; in an old Ethiopian language called Ge'ez, and an Indian dialect called Malayalam; in Rumanian, Hungarian, and Old Georgian.

But the vast majority of Catholics

throughout the world belong to the Roman rite, and know the Mass only in Latin. Though we may discuss the matter freely and present petitions for a change, we are all, priests and laity alike, content to

await the judgment of the Church. She has divine help and centuries of experience to guide her in the choice of those things which best serve the welfare of souls, for the glory of God.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Reading and word study go hand in hand. A knowledge of the make-up of words is bound to improve your reading; reading will help build your vocabulary. And, of course, everyone would like to have a good number of words at his command.

To improve your vocabulary you should read widely, and add to your stock of words through a study of Latin and Greek roots. A comparatively small number of these roots have given us thousands of English words.

One valuable Greek root is *phone*, which means sound, voice, tone. Of the more than 100 English words built from this root, 12 are listed below in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. *euphonious*
2. *symphonic*
3. *megaphone*
4. *phonate*
5. *homophone*
6. *phonometer*
7. *phonographic*
8. *telephone*
9. *phonetics*
10. *saxophonist*
11. *phonolite*
12. *cacophonous*

Column B

- a) Relating to harmony of sound.
- b) An instrument for measuring sounds.
- c) An instrument for carrying sound over a distance.
- d) Pleasing in sound; good-sounding.
- e) Harsh-sounding; dissonant; discordant.
- f) A device to magnify sound.
- g) The science of speech sounds.
- h) Pertaining to the reproduction of sound; "writing" with sound.
- i) To utter a voiced sound; vocalize.
- j) A word with the same sound as another but with different meaning.
- k) A rock that gives off a ringing sound when struck; a clinkstone.
- l) A musician who plays the wind instrument invented by Antoine Sax.

(Answers on page 128)

Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

MY LIFE WILL BE as near a living sermon as I can make it . . . laughter is good medicine. . . . Experts state that the first test of sanity is whether the patient can laugh at himself. So laughter is healing. And laughter is holy.

"I could not be interested in any man's religion if his knowledge of God did not bring more joy, did not brighten his life, and did not make him want to carry this light into every dark corner of the world. I have no understanding of a long-faced Christian."

No, that *wasn't* written by St. Francis of Assisi—though it might have been. A little solemn-faced man wrote it. Let me give you a couple of clues to his identity. His cry of surprise is one of his trade marks; the other is a mouth so big that everyone laughs at it. That could only be Joe E. Brown.

Joe came up the laughter ladder the hard way. He was born in Holgate, Ohio. Matt Brown, Joe's father, was a house painter. After many moves, the big family (there were seven children) finally settled down in Toledo.

Joey, growing up, always hungry, had two mad passions. One was baseball; the other, acrobatics. In

the first, the gaunt boy became a semipro; in the second, a competent performer.

In his teens, Joe started acrobatic practice with other boys of his age. The best of them were trained by Billy Ashe, a competent aerialist, or "kinker." They named themselves the *Marvelous Ashtons*. The troupe was first signed with Sells & Downs circus. Joe's salary was food and clothes, and the princely sum of \$1.50 a week. He was then 11.

Joey came to know the dirt and gypsy existence of circus folk: constant moving, long hours, grueling practice—and hunger. Each time Joe missed a routine or made a mistake, Ashe cuffed him liberally.

From the circus, Joe moved on to acts in vaudeville and burlesque. Other comedians used smutty jokes to spark their laughs. Joey never told a joke he couldn't tell his mother. There was no ersatz in his comedy.

It was his own inimitable brand of pixie fun that graduated him into the big time and such musical shows as George White's *Scandals*, and *Listen Lester*.

Between times, Joe found time to fall in love with Kathryn McGraw, a beautiful Canadian girl. Joey met

her on a train at Banff, Alberta, while moving between engagements. His ardent pursuit of his Irish Catholic love marks a tender interlude.

Joe's career in Hollywood sparkles with laughs. One director played the piano for hours to get himself in the mood for directing a picture. Another directed in a dialect that harmonized with the picture he was directing. Sometimes it was an Irish brogue, at others, broken French or Scandinavian.

In the midst of all the laughs that make this book a tonic, there are moments of high tragedy and tremendous feeling.

One of these moments came early in the 2nd World War, when Joe's eldest son Don was killed in a routine flight. This boy, a natural leader of men and a delightful companion, had been the light of Joe's life.

For some 40 hours after the accident, Joe lived in an anguish of disbelief. Then at the airport he saw a group of fliers wearing the shoulder patch of Don's own outfit.

"Those boys—those fliers. Who are they?" I said to someone. And there, sure enough, were ten of Don's fellow officers returning on a plane to Long Beach. They hadn't heard until I told them, and we all stood there weeping together, those boys and I, not caring that a curious crowd stood around us gaping.

"We're taking charge from here on," they said. "You're not flying

with anybody else, sir. We all want to be together, don't we?"

"It was at that moment that I felt that first stirring in me of the truth that many bereaved men and women came to know in those days. *When you have lost your own boy all other lads become your sons.*

The next few days were a dark abyss. I seemed to be falling through endless chaos; I couldn't get hold of myself. And then one night when I was alone, I felt something I never had known before. It was the presence of God. It was a peace that passes understanding. I felt God's arms around me, in a way I cannot possibly describe."

So Joe devoted himself to entertaining all his "sons" in the service. It will warm the cockles of your heart and thrill you too, as you read this saga of a man's courage and great heart. In the cold of Alaska, in the rainswept jungles with the Japanese just over the hill, Joe clowned his way through comedy and tears for 200,000 miles.

Once in New Guinea Joe put on a show for 1,500 airmen. The more he gave the more the kids wanted. "Listen, you guys! That's all I know." From the edge of the crowd one kid shouted, "Tell us some dirty stories!"

Joe's reply became a classic. "Listen, you kids. I've been on the stage since I was ten. I've told all kinds of jokes to all kinds of people. I've been in little flea-bitten vaudeville theaters and in big first-class

houses. I've been in the movies; I've made 65 pictures in my life—and there's one thing I've been proud about. In all that time I've never had to stoop to a dirty story to get a laugh." That's Joe E. Brown.

Laughter Is a Wonderful Thing

by Joe E. Brown as told to Ralph Hancock is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., Inc., New York City (320 pp. plus 48 additional pp. of photos, \$4.95). Catholic Digest Book Club members receive it for only \$2.95.

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 125)

(All correct: excellent; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair)

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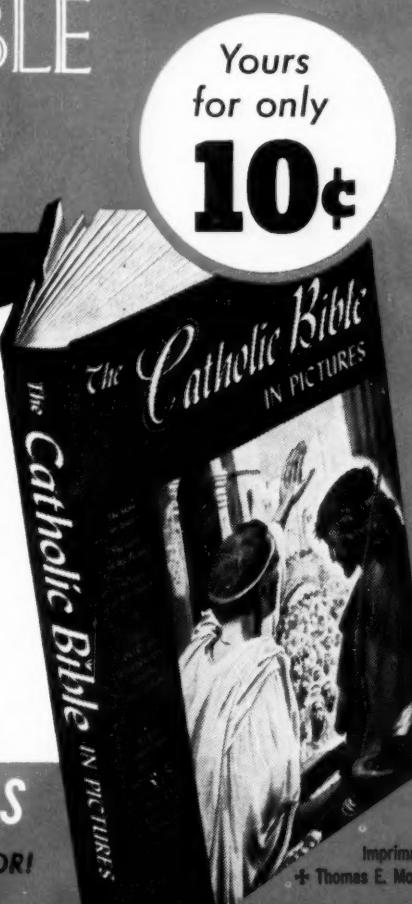
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